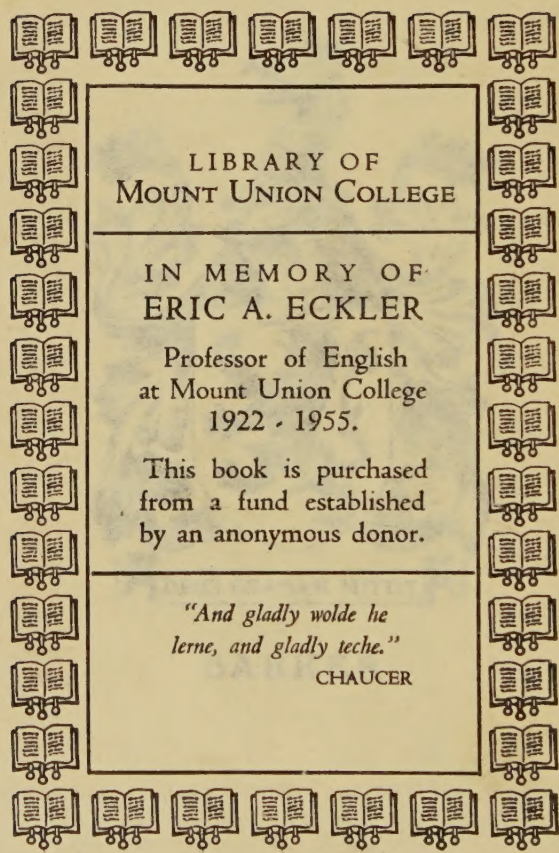




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IN MEMORY OF
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*"And gladly wolde he
lerne, and gladly teche."*

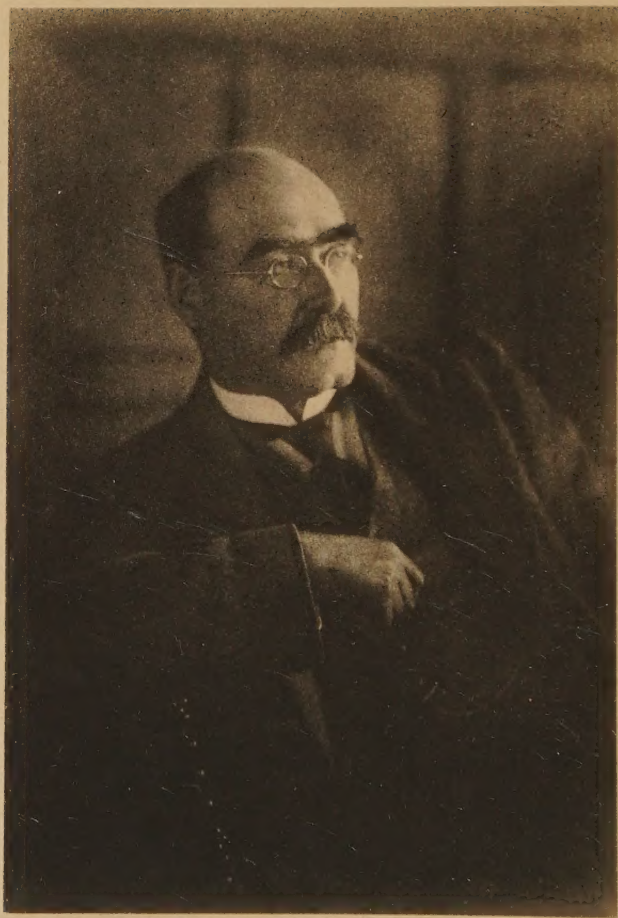
CHAUCEER

RUDYARD KIPLING

VOLUME XXIII

THE FIVE NATIONS

THE YEARS BETWEEN
AND
POEMS FROM HISTORY



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Rudyard Kipling

THE WRITINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE OF

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE FIVE NATIONS
THE YEARS BETWEEN
AND
POEMS FROM HISTORY



NEW YORK
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MS

THE FIVE NATIONS

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BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THE YEARS BETWEEN
AND
POEMS FROM HISTORY

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DEDICATION

*Before a midnight breaks in storm,
Or herded sea in wrath,
Ye know what wavering gusts inform
The greater tempest's path;
Till the loosed wind
Drive all from mind,
Except Distress, which, so will prophets cry,
O'ercame them, houseless, from the unhinting sky.*

*Ere rivers league against the land
In piracy of flood,
Ye know what waters slip and stand
Where seldom water stood.
Yet who will note,
Till fields afloat,
And washen carcass and the returning well,
Trumpet what these poor heralds strove to tell?*

*Ye know who use the Crystal Ball
(To peer by stealth on Doom),
The Shade that, shaping first of all,
Prepares an empty room.
Then doth It pass
Like breath from glass,
But, on the extorted vision bowed intent,
No man considers why It came or went.*

*Before the years reborn behold
Themselves with stranger eye,
And the sport-making Gods of old,
Like Samson slaying, die,
Many shall hear
The all-pregnant sphere
Bow to the birth and sweat, but—speech denied—
Sit dumb or—dealt in part—fall weak and wide.*

*Yet instant to fore-shadowed need
The eternal balance swings;
That winged men the Fates may breed
So soon as Fate hath wings.
These shall possess
Our littleness,
And in the imperial task (as worthy) lay
Up our lives' all to piece one giant day.*

THE FIVE NATIONS

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

WHO hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water
unbounded—

The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of
the comber wind-hounded?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foam-
less, enormous, and growing—

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed
hurricane blowing—

His Sea is no showing the same—his Sea and the
same 'neath each showing—

His Sea as she slackens or thrills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills!

WHO hath desired the Sea?—the immense and con-
temptuous surges?

The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-
stabbing bowsprit emerges?

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged,
 roaring sapphire thereunder—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the head-sail's
 low-volleying thunder—

His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the same
 through each wonder:

 His Sea as she rages or stills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
 desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her menaces swift as
 her mercies,

The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-winged
 breeze that disperses?

The unstable mined berg going South and the calvings
 and groans that declare it;

White water half-guessed overside and the moon
 breaking timely to bare it;

His Sea as his fathers have dared—his Sea as his
 children shall dare it—

 His Sea as she serves him or kills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
 desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness
 rather

Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than
 the streets where men gather

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the
slayer may slay him

Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom
whereon he must lay him—

His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that
shall never betray him—

His Sea that his being fulfils ?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills.

THE BELL BUOY

THEY christened my brother of old—

And a saintly name he bears —

They gave him his place to hold

At the head of the belfry-stairs,

Where the minster-towers stand

And the breeding kestrels cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

In the flush of the hot June prime,

O'er smooth flood-tides afire,

I hear him hurry the chime

To the bidding of checked Desire;

Till the sweated ringers tire

And the wild bob-majors die.

Could I wait for my turn in the godly choir?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

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THE BELL BUOY

When the smoking scud is blown,
When the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling Powers
(I war with a darkling sea);
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard of the bay,
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock, I reel, and I roll—
My four great hammers ply—
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

The landward marks have failed,
The fog-bank glides unguessed,
The seaward lights are veiled,
The spent deep feigns her rest:
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell—I cry!
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

THE BELL BUOY

At the careless end of night

I thrill to the nearing screw,

I turn in the nearing light

And I call to the drowsy crew;

And the mud boils foul and blue

As the blind bow backs away.

Will they give me their thanks if they clear the
banks?

(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not they!

The beach-pools cake and skim,

The bursting spray-heads freeze,

I gather on crown and rim

The grey, grained ice of the seas,

Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,

The plunging colliers lie.

Would I barter my place for the Church's grace?

(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

Through the blur of the whirling snow,

Or the black of the inky sleet,

The lanterns gather and grow,

And I look for the homeward fleet.

Rattle of block and sheet—

“Ready about—stand by!”

Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay?

(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

THE BELL BUOY

I dip and I surge and I swing
In the rip of the racing tide,
By the gates of doom I sing,
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside,
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound I bide
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

CRUISERS

AS our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine,
Made play for her bully the Ship of the Line;
So we, her bold daughters by iron and fire,
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure,
Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure;
Since half of our trade is that same pretty sort
As mettlesome wenches do practise in port.

For this is our office: to spy and make room,
As hiding yet guiding the foe to their doom;
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray
And tempt them to battle the sea's width away.

The pot-bellied merchant foreboding no wrong
With headlight and sidelight he lieth along,
Till, lightless and lightfoot and lurking, leap we
To force him discover his business by sea.

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CRUISERS

And when we have wakened the lust of a foe,
To draw him by flight toward our bullies we go,
Till, 'ware of strange smoke stealing nearer, he flies—
Or our bullies close in for to make him good prize.

So, when we have spied on the path of their host,
One flieth to carry that word to the coast;
And, lest by false doubling they turn and go free,
One lieth behind them to follow and see.

Anon we return, being gathered again,
Across the sad valleys all drabbled with rain—
Across the grey ridges all crispèd and curled—
To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

The bitter salt spindrift: the sun-glare likewise:
The moon-track a-quiver bewilders our eyes,
Where, linking and lifting, our sisters we hail
'Twixt wrench of cross-surges or plunge of head-gale.

As maidens awaiting the bride to come forth
Make play with light jestings and wit of no worth,
So, widdershins circling the bride-bed of death,
Each fleereth her neighbour and signeth and saith:—

“What see ye? Their signals, or levin afar?

“What hear ye? God's thunder, or guns of our war?

CRUISERS

"What mark ye? Their smoke, or the cloud-rack
outblown?

"What chase ye? Their lights, or the Day-star low
down?"

So, times past all number deceived by false shows,
Deceiving we cumber the road of our foes,
For this is our virtue: to track and betray;
Preparing great battles the sea's width away.

*Now peace is at end and our peoples take heart,
For the laws are clean gone that restrained our art;
Up and down the near headlands and against the far
wind
We are loosed (O be swift!) to the work of our kind!*

THE DESTROYERS

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal ;
The line that holds the rending course,
The hate that swings the whole :
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
At gaze and gone again—
The Brides of Death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain !*

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies ;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Girdled and desperate we dare
The blindfold game of war.

THE DESTROYERS

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell
The council of our foes;
Clearer the barking guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.
Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our laden prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their anxious lights along.
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek,
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the Syren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!
Look to your van a league away,—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

THE DESTROYERS

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home,
The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that overruns the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke—
The smoke that cloaks the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled:
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead!
Panic that shells the drifting spar—
Loud waste with none to check—
Mad fear that rakes a scornful star
Or sweeps a consort's deck!

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick,
Now ere their wits they find,
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind!
Good luck to those that see the end,
Good-bye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all! *Shut down!*

THE DESTROYERS

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command ;
The hand that heaves the headlong force,
The hate that backs the hand :
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
The mine that splits the main ;
The white-hot wake, the 'wilderer speed—
The Choosers of the Slain !*

WHITE HORSES

Where run your colts at pasture?

Where hide your mares to breed?

'Mid bergs about the Ice-cap

Or wove Sargasso weed;

By chartless reef and channel,

Or crafty coastwise bars,

But most the ocean-meadows

All purple to the stars!

Who holds the rein upon you?

The latest gale let free.

What meat is in your mangers?

The glut of all the sea.

'Twixt tide and tide's returning

Great store of newly dead,—

The bones of those that faced us,

And the hearts of those that fled.

WHITE HORSES

Afar, offshore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
A million hooves unshod—
Break forth the mad White Horses
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramlings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep is stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd!

*Whose hand may grip your nostrils—
Your forelock who may hold?*
E'en they that use the broads with us
The riders bred and bold,
That spy upon our matings,
That rope us where we run—
They know the strong White Horses
From father unto son.

WHITE HORSES

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We nuzzle at their door;
By day with stamping squadrons,
By night in whinnying droves,
Creep up the wise White Horses,
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?

No wit of man may save.
They hear the loosed White Horses
Above their father's grave;
And, kin of those we crippled,
And, sons of those we slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To school the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,

Oh jealous steeds and strong?
Save we that throw their weaklings,
Is none dare work them wrong;
While thick around the homestead
Our snow-backed leaders graze—
A guard behind their plunder,
And a veil before their ways.

WHITE HORSES

With march and countermarchings—

With weight of wheeling hosts—

Stray mob or bands embattled—

We ring the chosen coasts:

And, careless of our clamour

That bids the stranger fly,

At peace within our pickets

The wild white riders lie.

.

Trust ye the curdled hollows—

Trust ye the neighing wind—

Trust ye the moaning ground-swell—

Our herds are close behind!

To bray your foeman's armies—

To chill and snap his sword—

Trust ye the wild White Horses,

The Horses of the Lord!

THE SECOND VOYAGE

WE'VE sent our little Cupids all ashore—

They were frightened, they were tired, they were
cold ;

Our sails of silk and purple go to store,

And we've cut away our mast of beaten gold
(Foul weather!)

Oh 'tis hemp and singing pine for to stand against the
brine,

But Love he is the master as of old!

The sea has shorn our galleries away,

The salt has soiled our gilding past remede;

Our paint is flaked and blistered by the spray,

Our sides are half a fathom furred in weed
(Foul weather!)

And the doves of Venus fled and the petrels came
instead,

But Love he was our master at our need!

THE SECOND VOYAGE

'Was Youth would keep no vigil at the bow,
'Was Pleasure at the helm too drunk to steer—
We've shipped three able quartermasters now,
Men call them Custom, Reverence, and Fear
(Foul weather!)
They are old and scarred and plain, but we'll run no
risk again
From any Port o' Paphos mutineer!

We seek no more the tempest for delight,
We skirt no more the indraught and the shoal—
We ask no more of any day or night
Than to come with least adventure to our goal
(Foul weather!)
What we find we needs must brook, but we do not go
to look,
Nor tempt the Lord our God that saved us whole!

Yet, caring so, not overly we care
To brace and trim for every foolish blast,
If the squall be pleased to sweep us unaware,
He may bellow off to leeward like the last
(Foul weather!)
We will blame it on the deep (for the watch must
have their sleep),
And Love can come and wake us when 'tis past.

THE SECOND VOYAGE

Oh launch them down with music from the beach,

Oh warp them out with garlands from the quays—

Most resolute—a damsel unto each—

New prows that seek the old Hesperides !

(Foul weather !)

Though we know the voyage is vain, yet we see our
path again

In the saffroned bridesails scenting all the seas !

(Foul weather !)

THE DYKES

WE have no heart for the fishing, we have no hand
for the oar—

All that our fathers taught us of old pleases us now
no more ;

All that our own hearts bid us believe we doubt
where we do not deny—

There is no proof in the bread we eat or rest in the
toil we ply.

Look you, our foreshore stretches far through sea-
gate, dyke, and groin—

Made land all, that our fathers made, where the flats
and the fairway join.

They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died,
and their work stood fast.

We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but
the time of our peace is past.

THE DYKES

Far off, the full tide clambers and slips, mouthing and
testing all,

Nipping the flanks of the water-gates, baying along
the wall;

Turning the shingle, returning the shingle, changing
the set of the sand . . .

We are too far from the beach, men say, to know how
the outworks stand.

So we come down, uneasy, to look, uneasily pacing
the beach.

These are the dykes our fathers made: we have never
known a breach.

Time and again has the gale blown by and we were
not afraid;

Now we come only to look at the dykes—at the dykes
our fathers made.

O'er the marsh where the homesteads cower apart,
the harried sunlight flies,

Shifts and considers, wanes and recovers, scatters and
sickens and dies—

An evil ember bedded in ash—a spark blown west by
the wind . . .

We are surrendered to-night and the sea—the gale
and the tide behind!

THE DYKES

At the bridge of the lower saltings the cattle gather
and blare,

Roused by the feet of running men, dazed by the lantern glare.

Unbar and let them away for their lives—the levels
drown as they stand,

Where the flood-wash forces the sluices aback and the
ditches deliver inland.

Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the galloping
breakers stride,

And their overcarried spray is a sea—a sea on the
landward side.

Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves,
going they snatch with their teeth,

Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged
out, and the old-time wattles beneath!

Bid men gather fuel for fire, the tar and the oil and
the tow—

Flame we shall need, not smoke, in the dark if the
riddled sea-banks go.

Bid the ringers watch in the tower (who knows what
the dawn shall prove?)

Each with his rope between his feet and the trembling
bells above.

THE DYKES

Now we can only wait till the day, wait and apportion
our shame!

These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would
not look to the same.

Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time
and again we delayed:

Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons as our fathers
we have betrayed.

.

Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching the
work of the seas,

These were the dykes our fathers made to our great
profit and ease;

But the peace is gone and the profit is gone, and the
old sure day withdrawn . . .

That our own houses show as strange when we come
back in the dawn!

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

THE God of Fair Beginnings
Hath prospered here my hand—
The cargoes of my lading,
And the keels of my command.
For out of many ventures
That sailed with hope as high,
My own have made the better trade,
And Admiral am I!

To me my King's much honour,
To me my people's love—
To me the pride of Princes
And power all pride above;
To me the shouting cities,
To me the mob's refrain:—
"Who knows not noble Valdez,
Hath never heard of Spain."

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

But I remember comrades—
Old playmates on new seas—
Whenas we traded orpiment
Among the savages—
A thousand leagues to south'ard
And thirty years removed—
They knew not noble Valdez,
But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,
They drank it not alone,
And they that found fair plunder,
They told us every one,
Behind our chosen islands
Or secret shoals between,
When, walty from far voyage,
We gathered to careen.

There burned our breaming-fagots
All pale along the shore:
There rose our worn pavilions—
A sail above an oar:
As flashed each yearning anchor
Through mellow seas afire,
So swift our careless captains
Rowed each to his desire!

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

Where lay our loosened harness?
Where turned our naked feet?
Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees?
What quenchings of what heat?
Oh fountain in the desert!
Oh cistern in the waste!
Oh bread we ate in secret!
Oh cup we spilled in haste!

The youth new-taught of longing,
The widow curbed and wan—
The goodwife proud at season,
And the maid aware of man;
All souls unslaked, consuming,
Defrauded in delays,
Desire not more than quittance
Than I those forfeit days!

I dreamed to wait my pleasure
Unchanged my spring would bide:
Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,
I put my spring aside
Till, first in face of Fortune,
And last in mazed disdain,
I made Diego Valdez
High Admiral of Spain.

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven
Nor surge that did not aid—
I dared extreme occasion,
Nor ever one betrayed.
They wrought a deeper treason—
(Led seas that served my needs!)
They sold Diego Valdez
To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,
And pinned and bade me hold
The course I might not alter—
And men esteemed me bold!
The calms embayed my quarry,
The fog-wreath sealed his eyes;
The dawn-wind brought my topsails—
And men esteemed me wise!

Yet 'spite my tyrant triumphs
Bewildered, dispossessed—
My dream held I before me—
My vision of my rest;
But, crowned by Fleet and People,
And bound by King and Pope—
Stands here Diego Valdez
To rob me of my hope!

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

No prayer of mine shall move him,
No word of his set free
The Lord of Sixty Pennants
And the Steward of the Sea.
His will can loose ten thousand
To seek their loves again—
But not Diego Valdez,
High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven
Nor wave that shall restore
The old careening riot
And the clamorous, crowded shore—
The fountain in the desert,
The cistern in the waste,
The bread we ate in secret,
The cup we spilled in haste!

Now call I to my Captains—
For council fly the sign,
Now leap their zealous galleys
Twelve-oared across the brine.
To me the straiter prison,
To me the heavier chain—
To me Diego Valdez,
High Admiral of Spain!

THE BROKEN MEN

FOR things we never mention,
For Art misunderstood—
For excellent intention
That did not turn to good;
From ancient tales' renewing,
From clouds we would not clear—
Beyond the Law's pursuing
We fled, and settled here.

We took no tearful leaving,
We bade no long good-byes;
Men talked of crime and thieving,
Men wrote of fraud and lies.
To save our injured feelings
'Twas time and time to go—
Behind was dock and Dartmoor,
Ahead lay Callao!

THE BROKEN MEN

The widow and the orphan
That pray for ten per cent.,
They clapped their trailers on us
To spy the road we went.
They watched the foreign sailings
(They scan the shipping still),
And that's your Christian people
Returning good for ill!

God bless the thoughtful islands
Where never warrants come!
God bless the just Republics
That give a man a home,
That ask no foolish questions,
But set him on his feet;
And save his wife and daughters
From the workhouse and the street!

On church and square and market
The noonday silence falls;
You'll hear the drowsy mutter
Of the fountain in our halls.
Asleep amid the yuccas
The city takes her ease—
Till twilight brings the land-wind
To our clicking jalousies.

THE BROKEN MEN

Day long the diamond weather,
The high, unaltered blue—
The smell of goats and incense
And the mule-bells tinkling through.
Day long the warder ocean
That keeps us from our kin,
And once a month our levee
When the English mail comes in.

You'll find us up and waiting
To treat you at the bar;
You'll find us less exclusive
Than the average English are.
We'll meet you with our carriage,
Too glad to show you round,
But—we do not lunch on steamers,
For they are English ground.

We sail o' nights to England
And join our smiling Boards;
Our wives go in with Viscounts
And our daughters dance with Lords.
But behind our princely doings,
And behind each coup we make,
We feel there's Something Waiting,
And—we meet It when we wake.

THE BROKEN MEN

Ah God! One sniff of England—
To greet our flesh and blood—
To hear the hansoms slurring
Once more through London mud!
Our towns of wasted honour—
Our streets of lost delight!
How stands the old Lord Warden?
Are Dover's cliffs still white?

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the
Hunting Winds are loose—

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the
whisper of the Trues,

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath
watched the black-tail mating?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the
ouananiche is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world he's overdue.

'Send your road is clear before you when the old

Spring-fret comes o'er you

And the Red Gods call for you!

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THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow
round the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose
waits the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath
heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's
feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go, etc.

I

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know
that racing stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man
may bask and dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels
and traces,

To a silent smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight
on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are
steep and short,

Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers
ride?

Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward
of your port

On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?

It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to
bale her—

Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.

He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and
sail and sail her,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

III

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-
dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-
scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap
through?

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

It is there that I am going with my camphor, net,
and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-
foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you
know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain eddies chop and
change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on
frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and
the snow lie,
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of
Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the
Smokes of Council rise—

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they
choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack
their last supplies:

Now our Young Men go to dance before the
Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall
light them to that shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor
and sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath
'neath the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a
lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the
glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-
boat brings the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick!
ah, heave the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

And we go—go—go away from here !

On the other side the world we're overdue !

'Send the road is clear before you when the old

Spring-fret comes o'er you

And the Red Gods call for you !

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

YEARLY, with tent and rifle, our careless white men
go

By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale
below.

Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow
to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, broken of
speech,

Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale
to each;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:

“Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that
walks like a man!

“There was a flint in my musket—pricked and
primed was the pan,

When I went hunting Adam-zad—the Bear that
stands like a man.

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THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on
the snow,

When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

“ I knew his times and his seasons, as he knew mine,
that fed

By night in the ripened maize-field and robbed my
house of bread ;

I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine,
that crept

At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered
while I slept.

“ Up from his stony playground—down from his
well-digged lair—

Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear ;
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen
meals,

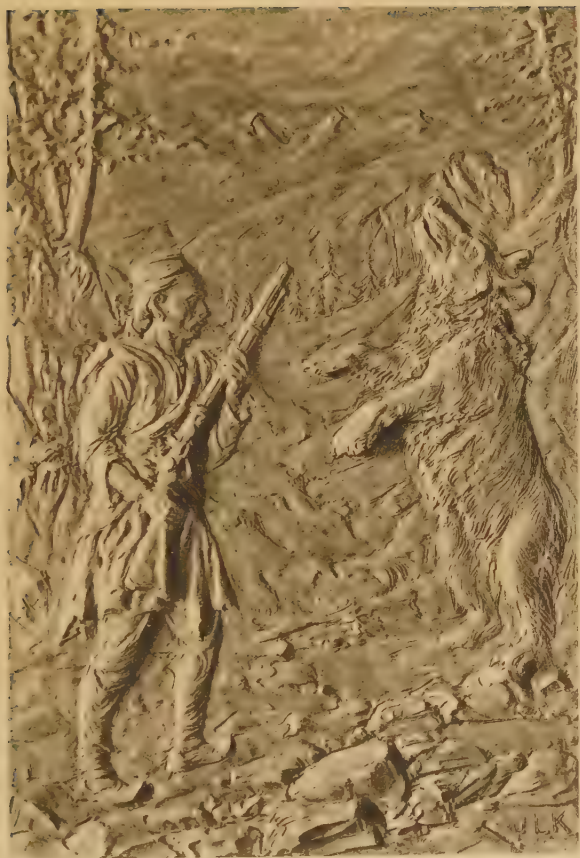
Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels !

“ Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the
second night,

I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting from
his flight.

There was a charge in the musket—pricked and
primed was the pan—

My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared
up like a man.



"Hearing his supplication rose Adam-Zad the Bear"

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

“Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in
prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch’s
swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the mon-
strous, pleading thing.

“Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire
then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked
no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands
that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my
face away!

“Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—
Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago.
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to
his den,
He left me blind to the darkened years and the little
mercy of men.

“Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the
newer style,
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I
have heard) a mile?

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and
true,

But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the
Bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and with-
ered and grey —

Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth
for his pay.)

" Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press
him hard—

Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from
Adam-zad.

" But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the
time to fear,

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near
and near;

When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-
brute guise,

When he veils the hate and cunning of the little,
swinish eyes;

" When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like
hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of
the Bear!"

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the
door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er ;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at
the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's
game ;

Over and over the story, ending as he began :—
“ *There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that
looks like a man!* ”

THE OLD MEN

*This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the
end—*

*That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
patient friend:*

*And because we know we have breath in our mouth
and think we have thought in our head,*

*We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
really dead.*

We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade or alien
planets arise

(That the sere bush buds or the desert blooms or the
ancient well-head dries),

Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure
'neath new skies.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth
to bind on our children's hands;

We shall call to the water below the bridges to re-
turn and replenish our lands;

We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses)
and scholarly plough the sands.

THE OLD MEN

We shall lie down in the eye of the sun for lack of a
light on our way —

We shall rise up when the day is done and chirrup,
“Behold, it is day!”

We shall abide till the battle is won ere we amble
into the fray.

We shall peck out and discuss and dissect, and evert
and extrude to our mind,

The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive to
God and mankind—

(Precisely like vultures over an ox that the Army
has left behind).

We shall make walk preposterous ghosts of the glo-
ries we once created—

(Immodestly smearing from muddled palettes amaz-
ing pigments mismated)

And our friends will weep when we ask them with
boasts if our natural force be abated.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out: but we
shall subsist on the smell of it,

And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and
suck our gums and think well of it.

Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
and that is the perfectest Hell of it!

THE OLD MEN

*This is our lot if we live so long and listen to those
who love us—*

*That we are shunned by the people about and shamed
by the Powers above us.*

*Wherefore be free of your harness betimes ; but being
free be assured,*

*That he who hath not endured to the death, from his
birth he hath never endured!*

THE EXPLORER

"THERE'S no sense in going further—it's the edge
of cultivation,"

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and
sowed my crop—

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little
border station

Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run
out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable
changes

On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated
—so:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look
behind the Ranges—

"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and wait-
ing for you. Go!"

THE EXPLORER

So I went, worn out of patience ; 'never told my
 nearest neighbours—
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking
 in the town ;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to
 help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and
 leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning
 flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of
 grass ;
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and
 naked boulders—
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled
 on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder : but that night
 the Norther found me—
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies : so I called
 the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my
 Whisper waked to hound me :—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder.
 Go you there!"

THE EXPLORER

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand
was certain o'er me.

Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men
had died—

I could reach the township living, but . . . He
knows what terrors tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the
other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers
turned to aloes,

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming
stream ran by ;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the
water drained to shallows—

And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and
blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires ; I remember sitting by
them ;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the
smoke ;

I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to
try 'em.

“Something lost behind the Ranges,” was the only
word they spoke.

THE EXPLORER

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew
it

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I
saw.

Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs
took me through it . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all
black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country
past disputing—

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
behind—

There I found me food and water, and I lay a week
recruiting,

Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I
entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees
and blazed and ringed 'em—

Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week
my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he
found a kingdom!

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the
worth of two!

THE EXPLORER

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-
poised snow-slide shivers—

Down and through the big fat marshes that the
virgin ore-bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined
rivers,

And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable
plains!

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades
between 'em;

Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand
head an hour;

Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-
ripe woods that screen 'em—

Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for
the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever
chaps that followed—

Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert
fears;

Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-
holes I'd hollowed.

They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be
called the Pioneers!

THE EXPLORER

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities
that I set there.

They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at
night.

By my own old marks and bearings they will show
me how to get there,

By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my
feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one
single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)?
No, not I.

Because my price was paid me ten times over by my
Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and
occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-
transit sure and steady

(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and
iron at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged
His people ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found
it, and it's yours!

THE EXPLORER

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge
of cultivation"

And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the
range to see.

God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present
to our nation.

Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper
came to Me!

THE WAGE-SLAVES

OH glorious are the guarded heights
Where guardian souls abide—
Self-exiled from our gross delights—
Above, beyond, outside:
An ampler arc their spirit swings—
Commands a juster view—
We have their word for all these things,
Nor doubt their words are true.

Yet we the bondslaves of our day,
Whom dirt and danger press—
Co-heirs of insolence, delay,
And leagued unfaithfulness—
Such is our need must seek indeed
And, having found, engage
The men who merely do the work
For which they draw the wage.

THE WAGE-SLAVES

From forge and farm and mine and bench,
Deck, altar, outpost lone—
Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,
Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne—
Creation's cry goes up on high
From age to cheated age:
"Send us the men who do the work
For which they draw the wage."

Words cannot help nor wit achieve,
Nor e'en the all-gifted fool,
Too weak to enter, bide, or leave
The lists he cannot rule.
Beneath the sun we count on none
Our evil to assuage,
Except the men that do the work
For which they draw the wage.

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain
Comes forth the vast Event—
The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane
Result of labour spent—
They that have wrought the end unthought
Be neither saint nor sage,
But men who merely did the work
For which they drew the wage.

THE WAGE-SLAVES

Wherefore to these the Fates shall bend
(And all old idle things—)

Wherefore on these shall Power attend

Beyond the grasp of kings:

Each in his place, by right, not grace,

Shall rule his heritage—

The men who simply do the work

For which they draw the wage.

Not such as scorn the loitering street,

Or waste, to earn its praise,

Their noontide's unreturning heat

About their morning ways:

But such as dower each mortgaged hour

Alike with clean courage—

Even the men who do the work

For which they draw the wage—

Men like to Gods that do the work

For which they draw the wage—

Begin—continue—close the work

For which they draw the wage!

THE BURIAL

C. J. RHODES, buried in the Matoppos, April 10, 1902

WHEN that great Kings return to clay,
Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day,
Because its creature died.
But we—we reckon not with those
Whom the mere Fates ordain,
This Power that wrought on us and goes
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that
drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

THE BURIAL

It is his will that he look forth
Across the world he won—
The granite of the ancient North—
Great spaces washed with sun.
There shall he patient make his seat
(As when the Death he dared),
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
To council 'neath his skies,
The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead,
His soul shall be her soul!

GENERAL JOUBERT

(Died March 27, 1900)

WITH those that bred, with those that loosed the
strife,

He had no part whose hands were clear of gain;
But subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one;
Telling old battles over without hate—
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

He may not meet the on sweep of our van
In the doomed city when we close the score.
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a man—
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once
more!

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THE PALACE

WHEN I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven
and skilled—

I cleared me ground for a palace such as a King
should build.

I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently,
under the silt,

I came on the wreck of a palace such as a King had
built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no wit
in the plan—

Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings
ran—

Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on every
stone:

*"After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known."*

THE PALACE

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-
planned ground-works grew,
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar, and cut and
reset them anew.
Lime I milled of the marbles; burned it, slacked it,
and spread;
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the
humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried; yet, as we wrenched
them apart,
I read in the razed foundations the heart of that
builder's heart.
As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand
The form of the dream he had followed in the face of
the thing he had planned.

.

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open noon
of my pride,
They sent me a Word from the Darkness—They
whispered and put me aside.
They said—"The end is forbidden." They said—
"Thy use is fulfilled,
"And thy palace shall stand as that other's—the
spoil of a King who shall build."

THE PALACE

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my
wharves, and my shears.

All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the
faithless years.

Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the
stone :

*After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known !*

SUSSEX

GOD gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

SUSSEX

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
 No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
 But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Fair slopes where chasing shadows skim,
 And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
 Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
 Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
 As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died
 At shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide,
 The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
 All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the folded crest
 The Channel's leaden line;
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
 And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
 Along the hidden beach.

SUSSEX

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies—
Only our close-bit thyme that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days
The tinkling silence thrills;
Or little, lost, Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills:
But here the Old Gods guard their round,
And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,
With equal soul I'd see
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,
Yet none more fair than she.
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
Black Down and Beachy Head.

SUSSEX

I will go out against the sun
Where the rolled scarp retires,
And the Long Man of Wilmington
Looks naked toward the shires;
And east till doubling Rother crawls
To find the fickle tide,
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws
And the deep ghylls that breed
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
No more than "Sussex weed";
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's
Begilded dolphin veers,
And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

SUSSEX

*God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!*

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

WHEN the darkened Fifties dip to the North,
And frost and the fog divide the air,
And the day is dead at his breaking-forth,
Sirs, it is bitter beneath the Bear!

Far to Southward they wheel and glance,
The million molten spears of morn—
The spears of our deliverance
That shine on the house where we were born.

Flying-fish about our bows,
Flying sea-fires in our wake:
This is the road to our Father's House,
Whither we go for our soul's sake!

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

We have forfeited our birthright,
We have forsaken all things meet;
We have forgotten the look of light,
We have forgotten the scent of heat.

They that walk with shaded brows,
Year by year in a shining land,
They be men of our Father's House,
They shall receive us and understand.

We shall go back by boltless doors,
To the life unaltered our childhood knew—
To the naked feet on the cool, dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the Trade blows
through:

To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
And the tree-toad's chorus drowning all—
And the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small.

The wayside magic, the threshold spells,
Shall soon undo what the North has done—
Because of the sights and the sounds and the smells
That ran with our youth in the eye of the sun!

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

And Earth accepting shall ask no vows,
Nor the Sea our love nor our lover the Sky.
When we return to our Father's House
Only the English shall wonder why!

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

"And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura."

OH ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the "heathen" pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

To him the Way, the Law, Apart,
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,
Ananda's Lord the Bodhisat,
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though he neither burns nor sees,
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,
Ye have not sinned with such as these,
His children at Kamakura;

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

Yet spare us still the Western joke
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke
The little sins of little folk
That worship at Kamakura—

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies
That flit beneath the Master's eyes—
He is beyond the Mysteries
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,
Of birth as fish or beast or bird,
While yet in lives the Master stirred,
The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see
A-flower 'neath her golden *htee*
The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly
From Burmah to Kamakura.

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

And down the loaded air there comes
The thunder of Thibetan drums,
And droned—" *Om mane padme oms* "—
A world's width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,
Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,
And beef-fed zealots threaten ill
To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,
A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,
So much, and scarce so much, ye hold
The meaning of Kamakura?

But when the morning prayer is prayed,
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,
Is God in human image made
No nearer than Kamakura?

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

TAKE up the White Man's burden—

Send forth the best ye breed—

Go bind your sons to exile

To serve your captives' need;

To wait in heavy harness,

On fluttered folk and wild—

Your new-caught, sullen peoples,

Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden—

In patience to abide,

To veil the threat of terror

And check the show of pride;

By open speech and simple,

An hundred times made plain,

To seek another's profit,

And work another's gain.

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THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Take up the White Man's burden—

The savage wars of peace—

Fill full the mouth of Famine

And bid the sickness cease.

And when your goal is nearest

The end for others sought,

Watch Sloth and heathen Folly

Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden—

No tawdry rule of kings,

But toil of serf and sweeper—

The tale of common things.

The ports ye shall not enter,

The roads ye shall not tread,

Go make them with your living,

And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—

And reap his old reward:

The blame of those ye better,

The hate of those ye guard—

The cry of hosts ye humour

(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—

“Why brought ye us from bondage,

Our loved Egyptian night?”

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Take up the White Man's burden—

Ye dare not stoop to less—

Nor call too loud on Freedom

To cloak your weariness;

By all ye cry or whisper,

By all ye leave or do,

The silent, sullen peoples

Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—

Have done with childish days—

The lightly proffered laurel,

The easy, ungrudged praise.

Comes now, to search your manhood

Through all the thankless years,

Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,

The judgment of your peers!

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

“ . . . Consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged. . . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive.”

Extract from letter.

SAID England unto Pharaoh, “ I must make a man
of you,

That will stand upon his feet and play the game ;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought
to do,”

And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.

It was not a Duke nor Earl, nor yet a *Viscount*—

It was not a big brass General that came ;

But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a
bit,

With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatis-
name.

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PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

Said England unto Pharaoh, " Though at present
singing small,

You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant
once for all,

And left 'em in the desert making friends.

It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral;

It was not a public-house of common fame;

But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on
either hand,

And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, " You've had miracles
before,

When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you
something more,

He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."

It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptics;

It was odds and ends and leavings of the
same,

Translated by a stick (which is really half the
trick),

And Pharaoh harked to Sergeant Whatis-
name.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

(There were years that no one talked of; there were
times of horrid doubt—

There was faith and hope and whacking and
despair—

While the Sergeant gave the Cautions and he combed
old Pharaoh out,

And England didn't seem to know nor care.

That is England's awful way o' doing business—

She would serve her God or Gordon just the
same—

For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and
Holborn Hill,

And she didn't think of Sergeant Whatis-
name.)

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my
people go!"

(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start),
And they entered 'em in battle on a most astonished
foe—

But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's
heart.

That was broke, along of all the plagues of
Egypt,

Three thousand years before the Sergeant
came—

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

And he mended it again in a little more than
ten,
So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatis-
name!

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty
from the first),
There was heat and dust and coolie-work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was
cholera and thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.
Down the desert, down the railway, down the
river,
Like Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land
of his desire,
And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatisname!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily
bread,
Which we have to buy from those that hate us
most,
And we must not raise the money where the Ser-
geant raised the dead,
And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he
made a mummy fight,
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and In-
structor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same!

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

(CANADIAN PREFERENTIAL TARIFF, 1897)

A NATION spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Neither with laughter nor weeping,
Fear or the child's amaze—
Soberly under the White Man's law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the Gentiles' clamour—
Insult or threat of blows—
Bow we the knee to Baal,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

“ My speech is clean and single,
 I talk of common things—
Words of the wharf and the market-place
 And the ware the merchant brings;
Favour to those I favour,
 But a stumbling-block to my foes.
Many there be that hate us,”
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ I called my chiefs to council
 In the din of a troubled year;
For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
 And a word ye would not hear.
This is our message and answer;
 This is the path we chose:
For we be also a people,”
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ Carry the word to my sisters—
 To the Queens of the East and the South.
I have proven faith in the Heritage
 By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow
 Ere the world's war-trumpet blows:
But I—I am first in the battle,”
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

*A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Throne sent word to a Throne:
" Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own !
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my mother's house,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.*

“ET DONA FERENTES”

IN extended observation of the ways and works of
man,
From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the plains of
Hindustan :
I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the racial
ruction rise,
And the men of half creation damning half creation's
eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that
pentecostal crew,
French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Dutch and Greek,
and Russ and Jew,
Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow,
mauve and white,
But it never really mattered till the English grew
polite ;

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“ET DONA FERENTES”

Till the men with polished toppers, till the men in
 long frock-coats,
Till the men that do not duel, till the men who fight
 with votes,
Till the breed that take their pleasures as Saint
 Laurence took his grid,
Began to “beg your pardon” and—the knowing
 croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the girls
 that bring the beer,
Felt the psychologic moment, left the lit casino clear;
But the uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to the
 Gaul,
Was entrapped, once more, my country, by that
 suave, deceptive drawl.

.

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath wilder, milder
 skies,
I “observe with apprehension” when the racial ruc-
 tions rise;
And with keener apprehension, if I read the times
 aright,
Hear the old casino order: “Watch your man, but
 be polite.

"ET DONA FERENTES"

"Keep your temper. Never answer (*that* was why they spat and swore).

Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry) to the door.

Back to back, and facing outward while the linguist tells 'em how—

'*Nous sommes allong à notre batteau, nous ne voulong pas un row.*'"

So the hard, pent rage ate inward, till some idiot went too far . . .

"Let 'em have it!" and they had it, and the same was serious war.

Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug, chair and boot—

Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long, hoarse yell for loot.

Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, as a banner fluttered free;

Then the grand piano cantered, on three castors, down the quay;

White, and breathing through their nostrils, silent, systematic, swift—

They removed, effaced, abolished all that man could heave or lift.

“ET DONA FERENTES”

Oh, my country, bless the training that from cot to
castle runs—

The pitfall of the stranger but the bulwark of thy
sons—

Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish soul
and unperturbed,

Till we wake our Island-Devil—nowise cool for being
curbed!

When the heir of all the ages “has the honour to
remain,”

When he will not hear an insult, though men make
it ne’er so plain,

When his lips are schooled to meekness, when his
back is bowed to blows—

Well the keen *aas-vogels* know it—well the waiting
jackal knows.

Build on the flanks of Etna where the sullen smoke-
puffs float—

Or bathe in tropic waters where the lean fin dogs the
boat—

Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen
dynamite—

But oh, beware my country, when my country grows
polite!

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

*Being a translation of the song that was made by a Moham-
medan schoolmaster of Bengal Infantry (some time on service
at Suakim) when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money
from the English to build a Madrisa for Hubshees—or a
college for the Sudanese, 1898.*

OH Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and
 bow your head on your breast!
This is the message of Kitchener who did not break
 you in jest.
It was permitted to him to fulfil the long-appointed
 years,
Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead
 Emirs.

He stamped only before your walls, and the Tomb
 ye knew was dust:
He gathered up under his armpits all the swords of
 your trust:

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KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak
from the strong:

He said:—"Go work the water-wheels that were
abolished so long."

He said:—"Go safely, being abased. I have
accomplished my vow."

That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his
madness now!

He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye
devise:

He is preparing a second host—an army to make you
wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye
learn his name again,

But letter by letter, from Kaf to Kaf, at the mouth
of his chosen men.

He has gone back to his own city, not seeking
presents or bribes,

But openly asking the English for money to buy you
Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no
right to live,

He begs for money to bring you learning—and all
the English give.

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are
their hearts inclined :

For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of
all mankind !

They do not consider the Meaning of Things ; they
consult not creed nor clan.

Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold,
he ariseth a man !

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before
their cannon cool,

They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the
living to school.

How is this reason (which is their reason) to judge a
scholar's worth,

By casting a ball at three straight sticks and
defending the same with a fourth ?

But this they do (which is doubtless a spell) and
other matters more strange,

Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of their
scholars change :

Till these make come and go great boats or engines
upon the rail

(But always the English watch near by to prop them
when they fail) ;

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

Till these make laws of their own choice and Judges
of their own blood;
And all the mad English obey the Judges and say
that the Law is good.

Certainly they were mad from of old: but I think
one new thing,
That the magic whereby they work their magic—
wherefrom their fortunes spring—
May be that they show all peoples their magic and
ask no price in return.
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, oh
Hubshee, make haste and learn!

Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure thing
I know—
If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to his
Madrissa go!
Go, and carry your shoes in your hand and bow
your head on your breast,
For he who did not slay you in sport, he will not
teach you in jest.

THE YOUNG QUEEN

(THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, INAUGURATED
NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1901)

HER hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was
still on her heel,

She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted
steel;

High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold,
and browned,

Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen
rode to be crowned.

She came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall
of Our Thousand Years—

In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers
among their peers:

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THE YOUNG QUEEN

Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the
head,

Crying:—"Crown me, my Mother!" And the Old
Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose
standard flies

Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the
coral barriers rise.

Blood of our foes on thy bridle, and speech of our
friends in thy mouth—

How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the
Sovereign South?

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!" But the
Young Queen answered swift:—

"It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our
crown for a gift.

In the days when Our folk were feeble thy sword
made sure Our lands:

Wherefore We come in power to take Our crown at
thy hands."

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the
jealous circlet prest,

Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with
the gold of the West,

THE YOUNG QUEEN

Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of
the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our
Thousand Years,
In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no
peer but their peers;
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled
down at the Old Queen's knee,
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent
years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where
the jewelled head drooped low:—

“Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter
so—

Mother of many princes—and child of the child I
bore,

What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not
wished before?

“Shall I give thee delight in dominion—mere pride
of thy setting forth?

Nay, we be women together—we know what that
lust is worth.

THE YOUNG QUEEN

Peace in thy utmost borders, and strength on a road
untrod?

These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of
God.

“I have swayed troublous councils, I am wise in
terrible things;

Father and son and grandson, I have known the
heart of the Kings.

Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom, or the gift all
wisdom above?

Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people’s
love:

“Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or
vows,

Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother’s house.

God requite thee, my Sister, through the wonderful
years to be,

And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved
me!”

RIMMON

DULY with knees that feign to quake—
Bent head and shaded brow,—
Yet once again, for my father's sake,
In Rimmon's House I bow.

The curtains part, and the trumpet blares,
And the eunuchs howl aloud ;
And the gilt, swag-bellied idol glares
Insolent over the crowd.

*" This is Rimmon, Lord of the Earth—
" Fear Him and bow the knee ! "*
And I watch my comrades hide their mirth
That rode to the wars with me.

For we remember the sun and the sand
And the rocks whereon we trod,
Ere we came to a scorched and a scornful land
That did not know our God ;

RIMMON

As we remember the sacrifice
Dead men an hundred laid—
Slain while they served His mysteries
And that He would not aid.

Not though we gashed ourselves and wept,
For the high-priest bade us wait;
Saying He went on a journey or slept,
Or was drunk or had taken a mate.

*(Praise ye Rimmon, King of Kings,
Who ruleth Earth and Sky!*
And again I bow as the censer swings
And the God Enthroned goes by.)

Ay, we remember His sacred ark
And the virtuous men that knelt
To the dark and the hush behind the dark
Wherein we dreamed He dwelt;

Until we entered to hale Him out,
And found no more than an old
Uncleanly image girded about
The loins with scarlet and gold.

RIMMON

Him we o'erset with the butts of our spears—

Him and His vast designs—

To be the scorn of our muleteers

And the jest of our halted lines.

By the picket-pins that the dogs defile,

In the dung and the dust He lay,

Till the priests ran and chattered awhile

And wiped Him and took Him away.

Hushing the matter before it was known,

They returned to our fathers afar,

And hastily set Him afresh on His throne

Because He had won us the war.

Wherefore with knees that feign to quake—

Bent head and shaded brow—

To this great dog, for my father's sake,

In Rimmon's House I bow.

THE OLD ISSUE

(October 9, 1899)

*"Here is nothing new nor aught unproven," say the
Trumpets,*

*"Many feet have worn it and the road is old
indeed.*

*"It is the King—the King we schooled aforetime!"
(Trumpets in the marshes—in the eyot at Runnymede!)*

*"Here is neither haste, nor hate, nor anger," peal the
Trumpets,*

"Pardon for his penitence or pity for his fall.

*"It is the King!"—inexorable Trumpets—
(Trumpets round the scaffold at the dawning by
Whitehall!)*

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THE OLD ISSUE

*"He hath veiled the crown and hid the sceptre," warn
the Trumpets,*

*"He hath changed the fashion of the lies that cloak
his will.*

*"Hard die the Kings—ah hard—dooms hard!"
declare the Trumpets,*

*Trumpets at the gang-plank where the brawling
troop-decks fill!*

*Ancient and Unteachable, abide—abide the Trumpets!
Once again the Trumpets, for the shuddering
ground-swell brings*

*Clamour over ocean of the harsh pursuing Trumpets—
Trumpets of the Vanguard that have sworn no
truce with Kings!*

All we have of freedom, all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the
Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-geese
wing

Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the
King.

THE OLD ISSUE

Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be
lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,
Suffer not the old King: for we know the breed.

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining "He is weak and far"; crying "Time shall
cure."

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins,
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.
Suffer not the old King here or overseas!

They that beg us barter—wait his yielding mood—
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our
brother's blood—

Howso' great their clamour, whatsoe'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name!

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.
It is written what shall fall if the King return.

THE OLD ISSUE

He shall mark our goings, question whence we came,
Set his guards about us, as in Freedom's name.

He shall take a tribute, toll of all our ware;
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may
not bear.

He shall break his Judges if they cross his word;
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

He shall peep and mutter; and the night shall bring
Watchers 'neath our window, lest we mock the
King—

Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;
Money poured in secret, carrion breeding flies.

Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,
These shall deal our Justice: sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teachings run.

THE OLD ISSUE

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

*Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.*

*Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid:
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings
did!*

*Step by step and word by word: who is ruled may
read.*

Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—

*All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King!*

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

“and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge.”

District Orders—Lines of Communication.

SUDDEN the desert changes,
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
'Twixt the skyline's belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

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BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel
Of fence by the ganger's shed;
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead;

We stumble on refuse of rations,
The beef and the biscuit-tins;
We take our appointed stations,
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we feel the far track humming,
And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
The wonderful north-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us!
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech.

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
And the earth allows again
Meetings, greetings, and voices
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,
As out on the bridge she rolls;
And the darkness covers our faces,
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely
Where the lessening tail-lights shine.
No—not combatants—only
Details guarding the line!

THE LESSON

(1899-1902)

*Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
We have had no end of a lesson : it will do us no end
of good.*

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times
and again,
Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than
Gilderoy's kite.
We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us
jolly well right!

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in
the shade of a tent,
But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare brown
continent.

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THE LESSON

From Lamberts to Delagoa Bay, and from Pieters-
burg to Sutherland,
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a full-
ness accorded no other land.

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and *not*
the judgment of Heaven.
We made an Army in our own image, on an island
nine by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its makers' ideals, equip-
ment, and mental attitude—
And so we got our lesson: and we ought to accept
it with gratitude.

We have spent two hundred million pounds to prove
the fact once more,
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two
and two make four:
And horses have four legs, and men have two legs,
and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson—and very cheap
at the price.

For remember (this our children shall know: we are
too near for that knowledge)
Not our mere astonished camps, but Council and Creed
and College—

THE LESSON

All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle and
overlie us—

Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an
advantage no money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which we
alone command,

And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be
worth as much as the Rand:

Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble yet
hopeful mood—

We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no
end of good!

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and now
we must turn it to use;

We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a
single excuse!

So the more we work and the less we talk the better
results we shall get—

We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an
Empire yet!

THE FILES

(THE SUB-EDITOR SPEAKS)

FILES—

The Files—

Office Files!

Oblige me by referring to the files.

Every question man can raise,

Every phrase of every phase

Of that question is on record in the files—

(Threshed out threadbare—fought and finished in the
files).

Ere the Universe at large

Was our new-tipped arrows' targe—

Ere we rediscovered Mammon and his wiles—

Faenza, gentle reader, spent her—five-and-twentieth
leader

(You will find him, and some others, in the files).

Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,

It will interest them to hunt among the files,

THE FILES

Where unvisited, a-cold,
Lie the crowded years of old
In that Kensal-Green of greatness called the files—
(In our newspaPère-la-Chaise the office files),
Where the dead men lay them down
Meekly sure of long renown,
And above them, sere and swift,
Packs the daily deepening drift
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—
The obliterating, automatic files.
Count the mighty men who slung
Ink, Evangel, Sword, or Tongue
When Reform and you were young—
Made their boasts and spake according in the files—
(Hear the ghosts that wake applauding in the files!)
Trace each all-forgot career
From long primer through brevier
Unto Death, a para minion in the files
(Para minion—solid—bottom of the files)
Some successful Kings and Queens adorn the files,
They were great, their views were leaded,
And their deaths were triple-headed,
So they catch the eye in running through the files
(Show as blazes in the mazes of the files);
For their “paramours and priests,”
And their gross, jack-booted feasts,
And their epoch-marking actions see the files.

THE FILES

Was it Bomba fled the blue Sicilian isles?
Was it Saffi a professor
Once of Oxford, wrought redress or
Garibaldi?—Who remembers
Forty-odd-year old Septembers?—
Only sextons paid to dig among the files
(Such as I am, born and bred among the files).
You must hack through much deposit
Ere you know for sure who was it
Came to burial with such honour in the files
(Only seven seasons back beneath the files).
“Very great our loss and grievous—
“So our best and brightest leave us,
“And it ends the Age of Giants,” say the files;
All the '60—'70—'80—'90 files
(The open-minded, opportunist files—
The easy “O King, live for ever” files).
It is good to read a little in the files;
'Tis a sure and sovereign balm
Unto philosophic calm,
Yea, and philosophic doubt when Life beguiles.
When you know Success is Greatness,
When you marvel at your lateness
In apprehending facts so plain to Smiles
(Self-helpful, wholly strenuous Samuel Smiles),
When your Imp of Blind Desire
Bids you set the Thames afire,

THE FILES

You'll remember men have done so—in the files.
You'll have seen those flames transpire—in the files
(More than once that flood has run so—in the files).
When the Conchimarlian horns
Of the reboantic Norns
Usher gentlemen and ladies
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,
Guaranteeing to Eternity
All yesterday's modernity;
When Brocken-spectres made by
Some one's breath on ink parade by,
Very earnest and tremendous,
Let not shows of shows offend us.
When of everything we like we
Shout ecstatic:—" *Quod ubique,*
Quod ab omnibus means *semper!* "
Oh, my brother, keep your temper!
Light your pipe and take a look along the files!
You've a better chance to guess
At the meaning of Success
(Which is Greatness—*vide* press)
When you've seen it in perspective in the files.

THE REFORMER

*Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his Nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.*

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sires denied—

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THE REFORMER

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace,

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not hold
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve, full-harnessed, as of old
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

THE REFORMER

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long-ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

*Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn !*

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

WHO recalls the twilight and the ranged tents in
order

(Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening
air?)

And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous, noble
laughter,

And the faces of the Sisters with the dust upon
their hair?

(Now and not hereafter, while the breath is in our
nostrils,

Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go
by—

Let us now remember many honourable women,

Such as bade us turn again when we were like to
die.)

Who recalls the morning and the thunder through
the foothills,

(Tufts of fleecy shrapnel strung along the empty
plains?)

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

And the sun-scarred Red-Cross coaches creeping
 guarded to the culvert,
And the faces of the Sisters looking gravely from
 the trains?

(When the days were torment and the nights were
 clouded terror,
When the Powers of Darkness had dominion on
 our souls—
When we fled consuming through the Seven Hells of
 fever,
These put out their hands to us and healed and
 made us whole.)

Who recalls the midnight by the bridge's wrecked
 abutment
(Autumn rain that rattled like a Maxim on the
 tin?)
And the lightning-dazzled levels and the streaming,
 straining wagons,
And the faces of the Sisters as they bore the
 wounded in?

(Till the pain was merciful and stunned us into
 silence—
When each nerve cried out on God that made the
 misused clay;

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

When the Body triumphed and the last poor shame
departed—

These abode our agonies and wiped the sweat
away.)

Who recalls the noontide and the funerals through
the market

(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by the
flies?)

And the footsore firing-party, and the dust and
stench and staleness,

And the faces of the Sisters and the glory in their
eyes?

(Bold behind the battle, in the open camp
all-hallowed,

Patient, wise, and mirthful in the ringed and
reeking town,

These endured unresting till they rested from their
labours—

Little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower down!)

Yet their graves are scattered and their names are
clean forgotten,

Earth shall not remember, but the Waiting Angel
knows

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

Them that died at Uitvlugt when the plague was on
the city—

Her that fell at Simon's Town in service on our
foes.

*Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in
our nostrils,*

*Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go
by—*

*Praise with love and worship many honourable
women,*

*Those that gave their lives for us when we were
like to die!*

THE ISLANDERS

*No doubt but ye are the People—your throne is above
the King's.*

*Whoso speaks in your presence must say acceptable
things :*

*Bowing the head in worship, bending the knee in
fear—*

*Bringing the word well smoothen—such as a King
should hear.*

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your
leaden seas,

Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at
ease ;

Till ye said of Strife, “ What is it ? ” of the Sword,
“ It is far from our ken ” ;

Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a
toy of your armed men.

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THE ISLANDERS

Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would
neither look nor heed—
Ye set your leisure before their toil and your lusts
above their need.
Because of your witless learning and your beasts of
warren and chase,
Ye grudged your sons to their service and your fields
for their camping-place.
Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw for
the bricks they brought;
Ye forced them follow in byways the craft that ye
never taught.
Ye hindered and hampered and crippled; ye thrust
out of sight and away
Those that would serve you for honour and those
that served you for pay.
Then were the judgments loosened; then was your
shame revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.
Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's
long-suffering Star),
When your strong men cheered in their millions
while your striplings went to the war.
Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled,
unmeet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them
raw from the street.

THE ISLANDERS

And what did ye look they should compass? War-
craft learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of
Death?
So! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye feed
and prize?
How are the beasts more worthy than the souls your
sacrifice?
But ye said, "Their valour shall show them"; but
ye said, "The end is close."
And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help them
harry your foes,
And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye
flaunted your iron pride,
Ere—ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men
who could shoot and ride!
Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented
your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddled
oafs at the goals.
Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let the
months go by
Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some saving
sign—
Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the forespent
Line.

THE ISLANDERS

Idle—except for your boasting—and what is your
boasting worth

If ye grudge a year of service to the lordliest life on
earth?

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,
Life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains, it is not one
with the deep.

Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must
keep.

Men, not children, servants or kinsfolk called from afar,
But each man born in the Island broke to the matter
of war.

Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the
same;

Each man born in the Island entered at youth to the
game—

As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in haste,
But after trial and labour, by temperance, living
chaste.

As it were almost cricket—as it were even your play,
Weighed and pondered and worshipped, and
practised day and day.

So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless
lightnings wake

In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the
pallid nations quake.

THE ISLANDERS

So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall
 leap

Forthright, accoutred, accepting—alert from the
 wells of sleep.

So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye
 shall send

Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught
 to the end;

Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge, mighty by
 sacrifice.

But ye say, "It will mar our comfort." Ye say, "It
 will minish our trade."

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn
 how a gun is laid?

For the low, red glare to southward when the raided
 coast-towns burn?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to
 learn.)

Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily even
 the odds,

With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets and
 bats and rods?

Will the rabbit war with your foemen—the red deer
 horn them for hire?

Your kept cock-pheasant keep you?—he is master of
 many a shire.

THE ISLANDERS

Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking,
gelt,
Will ye loose your schools to flout them till their
browbeat columns melt?
Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them, or
ballot them back from your shore?
Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them
strike no more?
Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye
were idle both?
Pride by insolence chastened? Indolence purged by
sloth?)
No doubt but ye are the People; who shall make
you afraid?
Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods
shall aid.
Idols of greasy altars built for the body's
ease;
Proud little brazen Baals and talking fetishes;
Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-pavement
gods—
These shall come down to the battle and snatch you
from under the rods?
From the gusty, flickering gun-roll with viewless
salvoes rent,
And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell not whence
they were sent.

THE ISLANDERS

When ye are ringed as with iron, when ye are
scourged as with whips,
When the meat is yet in your belly, and the boast is
yet on your lips ;
When ye go forth at morning and the noon beholds
you broke,
Ere ye lie down at even, your remnant, under the
yoke.

*No doubt but ye are the People—absolute, strong, and
wise ;*

*Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld
from your eyes.*

*On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and
the saving lies !*

THE PEACE OF DIVES

THE Word came down to Dives in Torment where
he lay :

“ Our World is full of wickedness, My Children main
and slay,

“ And the Saint and Seer and Prophet

“ Can make no better of it

“ Than to sanctify and prophesy and pray.

“ Rise up, rise up, thou Dives, and take again thy
gold,

“ And thy women and thy housen as they were to
thee of old.

“ It may be grace hath found thee

“ In the furnace where We bound thee,

“ And that thou shalt bring the peace My Son
foretold.”

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then merrily rose Dives and leaped from out his fire,
And walked abroad with diligence to do the Lord's
 desire ;

 And anon the battle ceased,
 And the captives were released,
And Earth had rest from Goshen to Gadire.

The Word came down to Satan that raged and
 roared alone,

Mid the shouting of the peoples by the cannon
 overthrown

 (But the Prophets, Saints, and Seers
 Set each other by the ears,
For each would claim the marvel as his own):

“ Rise up, rise up, thou Satan, upon the Earth to go,

“ And prove the peace of Dives if it be good or no :

 “ For all that he hath planned

 “ We deliver to thy hand,

“ As thy skill shall serve to break it or bring low.”

Then mightily rose Satan, and about the Earth he hied,
And breathed on Kings in idleness and Princes drunk
 with pride ;

 But for all the wrong he breathed
 There was never sword unsheathed,
And the fires he lighted flickered out and died.

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then terribly rose Satan, and he darkened Earth afar,
Till he came on cunning Dives where the money-
changers are ;

And he saw men pledge their gear
For the gold that buys the spear,
And the helmet and the habergeon of war.

Yea to Dives came the Persian and the Syrian and
the Mede—

And their hearts were nothing altered, nor their
cunning nor their greed—

And they pledged their flocks and farms
For the king-compelling arms,
And Dives lent according to their need.

Then Satan said to Dives :—“ Return again with me,
“ Who hast broken His Commandment in the day
He set thee free,

“ Who grindest for thy greed,

“ Man’s belly-pinch and need ;

“ And the blood of Man to filthy usury !”

Then softly answered Dives where the money-
changers sit :—

“ My refuge is Our Master, O My Master in the Pit ;

“ But behold all Earth is laid

“ In the peace which I have made,

“ And behold I wait on thee to trouble it !”

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then angrily turned Satan, and about the Seas he
fled,

To shake the new-sown peoples with insult, doubt,
and dread;

But for all the sleight he used

There was never squadron loosed,

And the brands he flung flew dying and fell dead.

Yet to Dives came Atlantis and the Captains of the
West—

And their hates were nothing weakened nor their
anger nor unrest—

And they pawned their utmost trade

For the dry, decreeing blade;

And Dives lent and took of them their best.

Then Satan said to Dives:—"Declare thou by The
Name,

"The secret of thy subtlety that turneth mine to
shame.

"It is known through all the Hells

"How my peoples mocked my spells,

"And my faithless Kings denied me ere I came."

Then answered cunning Dives:—"Do not gold and
hate abide

"At the heart of every Magic, yea, and senseless
fear beside?

THE PEACE OF DIVES

- " With gold and fear and hate
" I have harnessed state to state,
" And with hate and fear and gold their hates are
tied.
- " For hate men seek a weapon, for fear they seek a
shield—
" Keener blades and broader targes than their frantic
neighbours wield—
" For gold I arm their hands,
" And for gold I buy their lands,
" And for gold I sell their enemies the yield.
- " Their nearest foes may purchase, or their furthest
friends may lease,
" One by one from Ancient Accad to the Islands of
the Seas.
" And their covenants they make
" For the naked iron's sake,
" But I—I trap them armoured into peace.
- " The flocks that Egypt pledged me to Assyria I
drave,
" And Pharaoh hath the increase of the herds that
Sargon gave.
" Not for Ashdod overthrown
" Will the Kings destroy their own,
" Or their peoples wake the strife they feign to brave.

THE PEACE OF DIVES

“Is not Calno like Carchemish? For the steeds of
their desire

“They have sold me seven harvests that I sell to
Crowning Tyre;

“And the Tyrian sweeps the plains

“With a thousand hired wains,

“And the Cities keep the peace and—share the hire.

“Hast thou seen the pride of Moab? For the
swords about his path,

“His bond is to Philistia, in half of all he hath;

“And he dare not draw the sword

“Till Gaza give the word,

“And he show release from Askalon and Gath.

“Wilt thou call again thy peoples, wilt thou craze
anew thy Kings?

“Lo! my lightnings pass before thee, and their
whistling servant brings,

“Ere the drowsy street hath stirred—

“Every masked and midnight word,

“And the nations break their fast upon these things.

“So I make a jest of Wonder, and a mock of Time
and Space,

“The roofless Seas an hostel, and the Earth a market-
place,

THE PEACE OF DIVES

“Where the anxious traders know

“Each is surety for his foe,

“And none may thrive without his fellows’ grace.

“Now this is all my subtlety and this is all my wit,

“God give thee good enlightenment, My Master in
the Pit.

“But behold all Earth is laid

“In the peace which I have made,

“And behold I wait on thee to trouble it!”

SOUTH AFRICA

LIVED a woman wonderful, '
 (May the Lord amend her!)
Neither simple, kind, nor true,
But her Pagan beauty drew
Christian gentlemen a few
 Hotly to attend her.

*Christian gentlemen a few
 From Berwick unto Dover ;
For she was South Africa,
And she was South Africa,
She was our South Africa,
 Africa all over !*

Half her land was dead with drouth,
 Half was red with battle ;
She was fenced with fire and sword,
Plague on pestilence outpoured,
Locusts on the greening sward
 And murrain on the cattle !

SOUTH AFRICA

True, ah true, and overtrue ;

That is why we love her !

For she is South Africa,

And she is South Africa,

She is our South Africa,

Africa all over !

Bitter hard her lovers toiled,

Scandalous their payment,—

Food forgot on trains derailed ;

Cattle-dung where fuel failed ;

Water where the mules had staled ;

And sackcloth for their raiment !

So she filled their mouths with dust

And their bones with fever ;

Greeted them with cruel lies ;

Treated them despiteful-wise ;

Meted them calamities

Till they vowed to leave her.

They took ship and they took sail,

Raging, from her borders,—

In a little, none the less,

They forgot their sore duress,

They forgave her waywardness

And returned for orders !

SOUTH AFRICA

They esteemed her favour more
Than a Throne's foundation.
For the glory of her face
Bade farewell to breed and race—
Yea, and made their burial-place
Altar of a Nation!

Wherefore, being bought by blood
And by blood restored
To the arms that nearly lost,
She, because of all she cost,
Stands, a very woman, most
Perfect and adorèd!

*On your feet, and let them know
This is why we love her!
For she is South Africa,
She is our South Africa,
Is our own South Africa,
Africa all over!*

THE SETTLER

HERE, where my fresh-turned furrows run,
And the deep soil glistens red,
I will repair the wrong that was done
To the living and the dead.
Here, where the senseless bullet fell,
And the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well,
Against the heat and the thirst.

Here, in a large and a sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand,
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach
And the black waste of it all,
Giving and taking counsel each
Over the cattle-kraal.

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The Settler

THE SETTLER

Here will we join against our foes—
The hailstroke and the storm,
And the red and rustling cloud that blows
The locust's mile-deep swarm;
Frost and murrain and floods let loose
Shall launch us side by side
In the holy wars that have no truce
'Twixt seed and harvest-tide.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife,
From the far and fiercely guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams
And the young corn our hate.

And when we bring old fights to mind,
We will not remember the sin—
If there be blood on his head of my kind
Or blood on my head of his kin—
For the ungrazed upland, the untilled lea
Cry, and the fields forlorn:
"The dead must bury their dead, but ye—
Ye serve an host unborn."

THE SETTLER

Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough
And the good beasts that draw,
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow
According to Thy Law.
After us cometh a multitude—
Prosper the work of our hands,
That we may feed with our land's food
The folk of all our lands!

Here, in the waves and the troughs of the plains,
Where the healing stillness lies,
And the vast, benignant sky restrains
And the long days make wise—
Bless to our use the rain and the sun
And the blind seed in its bed,
That we may repair the wrong that was done
To the living and the dead!

SERVICE SONGS

*"Tommy" you was when it began,
But now that it is o'er
You shall be called The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*Batt'ry, brigade, flank, centre, van,
Defaulter, Army corps—
From first to last The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*From 'Alifax to 'Indulstan,
From York to Singapore—
'Orse, foot, an' guns, The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore !*

CHANT—PAGAN

ENGLISH IRREGULAR: '99-'02

ME that 'ave been what I've been,
Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—
 'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old England again,
An' 'ouses both sides of the street,
And 'edges two sides of the lane,
And the parson an' "gentry" between,
An' touchin' my 'at when we meet—
 Me that 'ave been what I've been?

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world
'Eave up all shiny with dew,
Kopje on kop to the sun,
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through

CHANT—PAGAN

Our 'elios winkin' like fun—
Three sides of a ninety-mile square,
Over valleys as big as a shire—
Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?
An' then the blind drum of our fire . . .
An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,

Me!

Me that 'ave rode through the dark
Forty mile often on end,
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
With only the stars for my mark
An' only the night for my friend,
An' things runnin' off as you pass,
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
An' the silence, the shine an' the size
Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies. . . .
I am takin' some letters almost
As much as a mile, to the post,
An' "mind you come back with the change!"

Me'

Me that saw Barberton took
When we dropped through the clouds on their 'ead,
An' they 'ove the guns over an' fled—
Me that was through Di'mond 'Ill,
An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast—

CHANT—PAGAN

From Dundee to Vereeniging all!
Me that stuck out to the last
(An' five bloomin' bars on my chest)—
I am doin' my Sunday-school best,
By the 'elp of the Squire an' 'is wife
(Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),
To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,
An' honestly work for my bread,
My livin' in that state of life
To which it shall please God to call

Me!

Me that 'ave followed my trade
In the place where the lightnin's are made,
'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon;
Me that lay down an' got up
Three years an' the sky for my roof—
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
Six thousand raw mile on the 'oof,
With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,
An' the Brandwater Basin for dish,—
Oh! it's 'ard to be'ave as they wish
(Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),
I'll 'ave to think over it first—

Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence;—
I will trek South and make sure

CHANT—PAGAN

If it's only my fancy or not
That the sunshine of England is pale,
And the breezes of England are stale,
An' there's somethin' gone small with the lot;
For *I* know of a sun an' a wind,
An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,
An' some graves by a barb-wire fence;
An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give
Me a job were I ever inclined,
To look in an' offsaddle an' live
Where there's neither a road nor a tree—
But only my Maker an' me,
And I think it will kill me or cure,
So I think I will go there an' see.

M. I.

(MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE LINE)

I WISH my mother could see me now, with a
fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I found
on a Boer farm,
Atop of a sore-backed Argentine, with a thirst that
you couldn't buy.
I used to be in the Yorkshires once
(Sussex, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
Hampshires, Glosters, and Scottish once! (*ad lib.*)
But now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the name you
must call
If you want officers' servants, pickets an' 'orse-guards
an' all—

Copyright, 1901, by Rudyard Kipling.

M. I.

Details for buryin'-parties, company-cooks or
supply—

Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the ——¹

M. I.!

My 'ands are spotty with veldt-sores, my shirt is a
button an' frill,

An' the things I've used my bay'nit for would make
a tinker ill!

An' I don't know whose dam' column I'm in, nor
where we're trekkin' nor why.

I've trekked from the Vaal to the Orange once—

From the Vaal to the greasy Pongolo once—

(Or else it was called the Zambesi once)—

For now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the push you
require

For outposts all night under freezin', an' rear-guard
all day under fire.

Anything 'ot or unwholesome? Anything dusty or
dry?

Borrow a bunch of Ikonas! Trot out the ——

M. I.!

¹ Number according to taste and service of audience.

M. I.

Our Sergeant-Major's a subaltern, our Captain's a
Fusilier—

Our Adjutant's "late of Somebody's 'Orse," an' a
Melbourne auctioneer;

But you couldn't spot us at 'arf a mile from the
crackest caval-ry.

They used to talk about Lancers once,

Hussars, Dragoons, an' Lancers once,

'Elmets, pistols, an' carbines once,

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the orphans
they blame

For beggin' the loan of an 'ead-stall an' makin' a
mount to the same:

'Can't even look at an 'orselines but some one goes
bellerin' "Hi!

"'Ere comes a burglin' Ikona!" Footsack you
—— M. I.!

We're trekkin' our twenty miles a day an' bein'
loved by the Dutch,

But we don't hold on by the mane no more, nor lose
our stirrups—much;

M. I.

An' we scout with a senior man in charge where the
'oly white flags fly.

We used to think they were friendly once,

Didn't take any precautions once

(Once, my ducky, an' only once!)

But now we are M. I.!

That is what we are known as—we are the beggars
that got

Three days "to learn equitation," an' six months o'
bloomin' well trot!

Cow-guns, an' cattle, an' convoys—an' Mister De
Wet on the fly—

We are the rollin' Ikonas! We are the —— M. I.!

The new fat regiments come from home, imaginin'
vain V. C.'s

(The same as our talky-fighty men which are often
Number Threes¹),

But our words o' command are "Scatter" an'
"Close" an' "Let your wounded lie."

We used to rescue 'em noble once,—

Givin' the range as we raised 'em once,

Gettin' 'em killed as we saved 'em once—

But now we are M. I.

¹ Horse-holders when in action, and therefore generally under cover.

M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the lanterns
you view

After a fight round the kopjes, lookin' for men that
we knew;

Whistlin' an' callin' together, 'altin' to catch the
reply:—

“ 'Elp me! O 'elp me, Ikonas!” This way, the ——
M. I.!

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin'
news on my own,

When I ride like a General up to the scrub and ride
back like Tod Sloan,

Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to let the shots
go by.

We used to fancy it risky once

. (Called it a reconnaissance once),

Under the charge of an orf'cer once,

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the song you
must say

When you want men to be Mausered at one and a
penny a day;

M. I.

We are no five-bob colonials—we are the 'ome-made
supply,
Ask for the London Ikonas! Ring up the ——
M. I.!

I wish myself could talk to myself as I left 'im a year
ago;
I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a lot on the
things that 'e ought to know!
When I think o' that ignorant barrack-bird, it almost
makes me cry.
I used to belong in an Army once
(Gawd! what a rum little Army once),
Red little, dead little Army once!
But now I am M. I.!

That is what we are known as—we are the men that
have been
Over a year at the business, smelt it an' felt it an'
seen.
We 'ave got 'old of the needful—*you* will be told by
and bye;
Wait till you've 'eard the Ikonas, spoke to the old
M. I.!

M. I.

*Mount—march, Ikonas ! Stand to your 'orses again !
Mop off the frost on the saddles, mop up the miles on
the plain.*

*Out go the stars in the dawnin', up goes our dust to
the sky,*

Walk—trot, Ikonas ! Trek jou,¹ the old M. I. !

¹ Get ahead.

COLUMNS

(MOBILE COLUMNS OF THE LATER WAR)

OUT o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply?

(A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men).

'Ere comes the clerk with 'is lantern an' keys

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

"Surplus of everything—draw what you please

"For the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men."

"What are our orders an' where do we lay?"

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

"You came after dark—you will leave before day,

"You section, you pompom, an' six 'undred men!"

COLUMNS

Down the tin street, 'alf awake an' unfed,
'Ark to 'em blessin' the Gen'ral in bed!

Now by the church an' the outspan they wind—
Over the ridge an' it's all lef' be'ind

For the section, etc.

Soon they will camp as the dawn 's growin' grey,
Roll up for coffee an' sleep while they may—

The section, etc.

Read their 'ome letters, their papers an' such,
For they'll move after dark to astonish the Dutch

With a section, etc.

'Untin' for shade as the long hours pass,
Blankets on rifles or burrows in grass,

Lies the section, etc.

Dossin' or beatin' a shirt in the sun,
Watchin' chameleons or cleanin' a gun,

Waits the section, etc.

With nothin' but stillness as far as you please,
An' the silly mirage stringin' islands an' seas

Round the section, etc.

COLUMNS

So they strips off their hide an' they grills in their
bones,

Till the shadows crawl out from beneath the pore
stones

Towards the section, etc.

An' the Mauser-bird stops an' the jackals begin,
An' the 'orse-guard comes up an' the Gunners 'ook
in

*As a 'int to the pompom an' six 'undred
men. . . .*

Off through the dark with the stars to rely on—
(Alpha Centauri an' somethin' Orion)

Moves the section, etc.

Same bloomin' 'ole which the ant-bear 'as broke,
Same bloomin' stumble an' same bloomin' joke

Down the section, etc.

Same "which is right?" where the cart-tracks
divide,

Same "give it up" from the same clever guide

To the section, etc.

COLUMNS

Same tumble-down on the same 'idden farm,
Same white-eyed Kaffir 'oo gives the alarm
Of the section, etc.

Same shootin' wild at the end o' the night,
Same flyin' tackle an' same messy fight
By the section, etc.

Same ugly 'iccup an' same 'orrid squeal,
When it's too dark to see an' it's too late to feel
In the section, etc.

(Same batch of prisoners, 'airy an' still,
Watchin' their comrades bolt over the 'ill
From the section, etc.)

Same chilly glare in the eye of the sun
As 'e gets up displeasured to see what was done
By the section, etc.

Same splash o' pink on the stoep or the kraal,
An' the same quiet face which 'as finished with all
In the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men.

COLUMNS

Out o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply?

(A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men).

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

“ . . . On the —th instant a mixed detachment of colonials left —— for Cape Town, there to rejoin their respective homeward-bound contingents, after fifteen months' service in the field. They were escorted to the station by the regular troops in garrison and the bulk of Colonel ——'s column, which has just come in to refit, preparatory to further operations. The leave-taking was of the most cordial character, the men cheering each other continuously.”—*Any Newspaper.*

WE'VE rode and fought and ate and drunk as rations
come to hand,

Together for a year and more around this stinkin'
land:

Now you are goin' home again, but we must see it
through,

We needn't tell we liked you well. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

You 'ad no special call to come, and so you doubled
out,
And learned us how to camp and cook an' steal a
horse and scout:
Whatever game we fancied most, you joyful played
it too,
And rather better on the whole. Good-bye—good
luck to you!

There isn't much we 'aven't shared, since Kruger
cut an' run,
The same old work, the same old skoff, the same old
dust and sun;
The same old chance that laid us out, or winked an'
let us through;
The same old Life, the same old Death. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

Our blood 'as truly mixed with yours—all down the
Red Cross train,
We've bit the same thermometer in Bloeming-
typhoidtein.
We've 'ad the same old temp'rature—the same
relapses too,
The same old saw-backed fever-chart. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

But 'twasn't merely this an' that (which all the world
may know),

'Twas how you talked an' looked at things which
made us like you so.

All independent, queer an' odd, but most amazin'
new,

My word! you shook us up to rights. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

Think o' the stories round the fire, the tales along
the trek—

O' Calgary an' Wellin'ton, an' Sydney and Quebec;
Of mine an' farm, an' ranch an' run, an' moose an'
cariboo,

An' parrots peckin' lambs to death! Good-bye—
good luck to you!

We've seen you 'ome by word o' mouth, we've
watched your rivers shine,

We've 'eard your bloomin' forests blow of eucalip'
an' pine;

Your young, gay countries north an' south, we feel
we own 'em too,

For they was made by rank an' file. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

We'll never read the papers now without inquiren'
first

For word from all those friendly dorps where you
was born an' nursed.

Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal—Port Darwin—
Timaru,

They're only just across the road! Good-bye—
good luck to you!

Good-bye!—So long! Don't lose yourselves—nor
us, nor all kind friends,

But tell the girls your side the drift we're comin'—
when it ends!

Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught us
somethin' new:

The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

TWO KOPJES

(MADE YEOMANRY)

ONLY two African kopjes,
 Only the cart-tracks that wind
Empty and open between 'em,
 Only the Transvaal behind:
Only an Aldershot column
 Marching to conquer the land . . .
Only a sudden and solemn
 Visit, unarmed, to the Rand.

Then scorn not the African kopje,
 The kopje that smiles in the heat,
The wholly unoccupied kopje,
 The home of Cornelius and Piet.
You can never be sure of your kopje,
 But of this be you blooming well sure,
A kopje is always a kopje,
 And a Boojer is always a Boer!

TWO KOPJES

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the vultures above,
Only baboons—at the bottom,
 Only some buck on the move;
Only a Kensington draper
 Only pretendin' to scout . . .
Only bad news for the paper,
 Only another knock-out.

Then mock not the African kopje,
 And rub not your flank on its side,
The silent and simmering kopje,
 The kopje beloved by the guide.
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the dust of their wheels,
Only a bolted commando,
 Only our guns at their heels . . .
Only a little barb-wire,
 Only a natural fort,
Only "by sections retire,"
 Only "regret to report"!

TWO KOPJES

Then mock not the African kopje,
Especially when it is twins,
One sharp and one table-topped kopje,
For that's where the trouble begins.
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes
Baited the same as before—
Only we've had it so often,
Only we're taking no more . . .
Only a wave to our troopers,
Only our flanks swinging past,
Only a dozen voorloopers,
Only *we*'ve learned it at last!

Then mock not the African kopje,
But take off your hat to the same,
The patient, impartial old kopje,
The kopje that taught us the game!
For all that we knew in the Columns,
And all they've forgot on the Staff,
We learned at the fight o' Two Kopjes,
Which lasted two years an' a half.

TWO KOPJES

*O mock not the African kopje,
Not even when peace has been signed—
The kopje that isn't a kopje—
The kopje that copies its kind.
You can never be sure of your kopje,
But of this be you blooming well sure,
That a kopje is always a kopje,
And a Boojer is always a Boer!*

THE INSTRUCTOR

(CORPORALS)

AT times when under cover I 'ave said,
To keep my spirits up an' ráise a laugh,
'Earin' 'im pass so busy over-'ead—
Old Nickel Neck, 'oo isn't on the Staff—
"There's one above is greater than us all."

Before 'im I 'ave seen my Colonel fall,
An' watched 'im write my Captain's epitaph,
So that a long way off it could be read—
He 'as the knack o' makin' men feel small—
Old Whistle Tip, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

There is no sense in fleein' (I 'ave fled),
Better go on an' do the belly-crawl,
An' 'ope 'e'll 'it some other man instead
Of you 'e seems to 'unt so speshual—
Fitzy van Spitz, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

THE INSTRUCTOR

An' thus in mem'ry's gratis biograph,
Now that the show is over, I recall
The peevish voice an' 'oary mushroom 'ead
Of 'im we owned was greater than us all,
'Oo give instruction to the quick an' the dead—
The Shudderin' Beggar not upon the Staff.

BOOTS

(INFANTRY COLUMNS OF THE EARLIER WAR)

WE'RE foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over
Africa!

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Seven—six—eleven—five—nine-an'-twenty mile
to-day—

Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day
before—

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

BOOTS

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front
of you

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again);

Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watchin'
'em,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something
different—

Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Count—count—count—count—the bullets in the
bandoliers;

If—your—eyes—drop—they will get atop o' you

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again)—

There's no discharge in the war!

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,

But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—

Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

BOOTS

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company,
But night—brings—long—strings o' forty thousand
million

Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again.

There's no discharge in the war!

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils dark or anything
But boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!

THE MARRIED MAN

(RESERVIST OF THE LINE)

THE bachelor 'e fights for one
As joyful as can be;
But the married man don't call it fun,
Because 'e fights for three—
For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' Two an' One makes Three)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea!

The bachelor pokes up 'is head
To see if you are gone;
But the married man lies down instead,
An' waits till the sights come on.
For 'Im an' 'Er an' a hit
(Direct or ricochee)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

THE MARRIED MAN

The bachelor will miss you clear
To fight another day;
But the married man, 'e says "No fear!"
'E wants you out of the way
Of 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' 'is road to 'is farm or the sea),
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor 'e fights 'is fight
An' stretches out an' snores;
But the married man sits up all night—
For 'e don't like out o' doors:
'E'll strain an' listen an' peer
An' give the first alarm—
For the sake o' the breathin' 'e's used to 'ear
An' the 'ead on the thick of 'is arm.

The bachelor may risk 'is 'ide
To 'elp you when you're downed;
But the married man will wait beside
Till the ambulance comes round.
'E'll take your 'ome address
An' all you've time to say,
Or if 'e sees there's 'ope, 'e'll press
Your art'ry 'alf the day—

THE MARRIED MAN

For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
 (An' One from Three leaves Two),
For 'e knows you wanted to finish your bit,
 An' 'e knows 'oo's wantin' you.
Yes, 'Im an' 'Er an' It
 (Our 'oly One in Three),
We're all of us anxious to finish our bit,
 An' we want to get 'ome to our tea!

Yes, It an' 'Er an' 'Im,
 Which often makes me think
The married man must sink or swim
 An'—'e can't afford to sink!
Oh 'Im an' It an' 'Er
 Since Adam an' Eve began,
So I'd rather fight with the bachelor
 An' be nursed by the married man!

LICHTENBERG

(N. S. W. CONTINGENT)

SMELLS are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack—
They start those awful voices o' nights
That whisper, "Old man, come back."
That must be why the big things pass
And the little things remain,
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain.

There was some silly fire on the flank
And the small wet drizzling down—
There were the sold-out shops and the bank
And the wet, wide-open town;
And we were doing escort-duty
To somebody's baggage-train,
And I smelt wattle by Lichtenberg—
Riding in, in the rain.

LICHTENBERG

It was all Australia to me—
All I had found or missed :
Every face I was crazy to see,
And every woman I'd kissed :
All that I shouldn't ha' done, God knows !
(As He knows I'll do it again),
That smell of wattle round Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain !

I saw Sydney the same as ever,
The picnics and brass-bands ;
And the little homestead on Hunter River
And my new vines joining hands.
It all came over me in one act
Quick as a shot through the brain—
With the smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain !

I have forgotten a hundred fights,
But one I shall not forget—
With the raindrops bunging up my sights
And my eyes bunged up with wet ;
And through the crack and the stink of the cordite
(Ah Christ! My country again!)
The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain !

STELLENBOSH

(COMPOSITE COLUMNS)

THE General 'eard the firin' on the flank

An' 'e sent a mounted man to bring 'im back,

The silly, pushin' person's name an' rank,

'Oo'd dared to answer Brother Boer's attack.

For there might 'ave been a serious engagement,

An' 'e might 'ave wasted 'alf a dozen men;

So 'e ordered 'im to stop 'is operations round the
kopjes,

An' 'e told 'im off before the Staff at ten!

An' it all goes into the laundry,

But it never comes out in the wash,

'Ow we're sugared about by the old men

('Eavy-sterned amateur old men!)

That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men

For fear o' Stellenbosh!

STELLENBOSH

The General 'ad " produced a great effect,"

The General 'ad the country cleared—almost;
The General "'ad no reason to expect,"

And the Boers 'ad us bloomin' well on toast!
For we might 'ave crossed the drift before the
twilight,

Instead o' sittin' down an' takin' root;
But we was not allowed, so the Boojers scooped the
crowd,
To the last survivin' bandolier an' boot.

The General saw the farm'ouse in 'is rear,

With its stoep so nicely shaded from the sun;
Sez 'e, " I'll pitch my tabernacle 'ere,"

An' 'e kept us muckin' round till 'e 'ad done.
For 'e might 'ave caught the confluent pneumonia
From sleepin' in his gaiters in the dew;
So 'e took a book an' dozed while the other columns
closed
And ——'s commando out an' trickled through!

The General saw the mountain-range ahead,

With their 'elios showin' saucy on the 'eight,
So 'e 'eld us to the level ground instead,
An' telegraphed the Boojers wouldn't fight.

STELLENBOSH

For 'e might 'ave gone an' sprayed 'em with a
pompom,
Or 'e might 'ave slung a squadron out to see—
But 'e wasn't takin' chances in them 'igh an' 'ostile
kranzes—
He was markin' time to earn a K.C.B.

The General got 'is decorations thick
(The men that backed 'is lies could not complain),
The Staff 'ad D.S.O.'s till we was sick,
An' the soldier—'ad the work to do again!
For 'e might 'ave known the District was a 'otbed,
Instead of 'andin' over, upside-down,
To a man 'oo 'ad to fight 'alf a year to put it right,
While the General went an' slandered 'im in town!

An' it all went into the laundry,
But it never came out in the wash.
We were sugared about by the old men
(Panicky, perishin' old men)
That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men
For fear o' Stellenbosh!

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL

WHEN by the labour of my 'ands
I've 'elped to pack a transport tight
With prisoners for foreign lands,
I ain't transported with delight.
I know it's only just an' right,
But yet it somehow sickens me,
For I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

Be'ind the pegged barb-wire strands,
Beneath the tall electric light,
We used to walk in bare-'ead bands,
Explainin' 'ow we lost our fight.
An' that is what they'll do to-night
Upon the steamer out at sea,
If I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL

They'll never know the shame that brands—

Black shame no livin' down makes white,

The mockin' from the sentry-stands,

The women's laugh, the gaoler's spite.

We are too bloomin' much polite,

But that is 'ow I'd 'ave us be . . .

Since I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity.

They'll get those draggin' days all right,

Spent as a foreigner commands,

An' 'orrors of the locked-up night,

With 'Ell's own thinkin' on their 'ands.

I'd give the gold o' twenty Rands

(If it was mine) to set 'em free . . .

For I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity!

PIET

(REGULAR OF THE LINE)

I DO not love my Empire's foes,

Nor call 'em angels ; still,

What *is* the sense of 'atin' those

'Oom you are paid to kill ?

So, barrin' all that foreign lot

Which only joined for spite,

Myself, I'd just as soon as not

Respect the man I fight.

Ah there, Piet!— 'is trousers to 'is knees,

'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-

sprinkled breeze ;

'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose

'is seat,

I've known a lot o' people ride a dam' sight

worse than Piet!

PIET

I've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground
Like Abel's blood of old,
An' skirmished out to look, an' found
The beggar nearly cold;
I've waited on till 'e was dead
(Which couldn't 'elp 'im much),
But many grateful things 'e's said
To me for doin' such.
Ah there, Piet! whose time 'as come to die,
'Is carcase past rebellion, but 'is eyes
inquirin' why.
Though dressed in stolen uniform with
badge o' rank complete,
I've known a lot o' fellers go a dam'
sight worse than Piet.

An' when there wasn't aught to do
But camp and cattle-guards,
I've fought with 'im the 'ole day through
At fifteen 'undred yards;
Long afternoons o' lyin' still,
An' 'earin' as you lay
The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill
Like scythes among the 'ay.
Ah there, Piet! —be'ind 'is stony kop,
With 'is Boer bread an' biltong, an' 'is flask
of awful Dop;

PIET

'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for
retreat,
I've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam' sight
worse than Piet.

He's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose
Before I'd time to think,
An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es
An' sent me 'ome in pink;
An' I 'ave crept (Lord, 'ow I've crept!)
On 'ands an' knees I've gone,
And spooored and floored and caught and kept
An' sent him to Ceylon!
Ah there, Piet!—you've sold me many a
pup,
When week on week alternate it was you
an' me "'ands up!"
But though I never made *you* walk man-
naked in the 'eat,
I've known a lot of fellers stalk a dam' sight
worse than Piet.

From Plewman's to Marabastad,
From Ookiep to De Aar,
Me an' my trusty friend 'ave 'ad,
As you might say, a war;
But seein' what both parties done
Before 'e owned defeat,



Borrowed all my Sunday clo'es an' sent
me 'ome in pink

PIET

I ain't more proud of 'avin' won,
Than I am pleased with Piet.

Ah there, Piet!—picked up be'ind the
drive!

The wonder wasn't 'ow 'e fought, but 'ow
'e kep' alive,

With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is back, or to
'is feet—

I've known a lot o' men behave a dam'
sight worse than Piet.

No more I'll 'ear 'is rifle crack'

Along the block'ouse fence—

The beggar's on the peaceful tack,

Regardless of expense.

For countin' what 'e eats an' draws,

An' gifts an' loans as well,

'E's gettin' 'alf the Earth, because

'E didn't give us 'Ell!

Ah there, Piet! with your brand-new

English plough,

Your gratis tents an' cattle, an' your most
ungrateful frow.

You've made the British taxpayer rebuild
your country-seat—

I've known some pet battalions charge a
dam' sight less than Piet.

“WILFUL-MISSING”

THERE is a world outside the one you know,
To which for curiousness 'Ell can't compare—
It is the place where “wilful-missings” go,
As we can testify, for we are there.

You may 'ave read a bullet laid us low,
That we was gathered in “with reverent care”
And buried proper. But it was not so,
As we can testify, for we are there.

They can't be certain—faces alter so
After the old aasvogel's 'ad 'is share;
The uniform's the mark by which they go—
And—ain't it odd?—the one we best can spare.

We might 'ave seen our chance to cut the show—
Name, number, record, an' begin elsewhere—
Leavin' some not too late-lamented foe
One tunera!—private—British—for 'is share.

“WILFUL-MISSING”

We may 'ave took it yonder in the Low
Bush-veldt that sends men stragglin' unaware
Among the Kaffirs, till their columns go,
An' they are left past call or count or care.

We might 'ave been your lovers long ago,
'Usbands or children—comfort or despair.
Our death (an' burial) settles all we owe,
An' why we done it is our own affair.

Marry again, and we will not say no,
Nor come to bastardize the kids you bear:
Wait on in 'ope—you've all your life below
Before you'll ever 'ear us on the stair.

There is no need to give our reasons, though
Gawd knows we all 'ad reasons which were fair;
But other people might not judge 'em so,
And now it doesn't matter what they were.

What man can size or weigh another's woe?
There are some things too bitter 'ard to bear.
Suffice it we 'ave finished—Domino!
As we can testify, for we are there,
In the side-world where “wilful-missings” go.

UBIQUE

THERE is a word you often see, pronounce it as you may—

“You bike,” “you bykwe,” “ubbikwe”—alludin’ to R. A.

It serves ‘Orse, Field, an’ Garrison as motto for a crest,

An’ when you’ve found out all it means I’ll tell you ‘alf the rest.

Ubique means the long-range Krupp be’ind the low-range ‘ill—

Ubique means you’ll pick it up an’ while you do stand still.

Ubique means you’ve caught the flash an’ timed it by the sound.

Ubique means five gunners’ ‘ash before you’ve loosed a round.

UBIQUE

Ubique means Blue Fuse, an' make the 'ole to sink
the trail.

Ubique means stand up an' take the Mauser's 'alf-
mile 'ail.

Ubique means the crazy team not God nor man can
'old.

Ubique means that 'orse's scream which turns your
innards cold!

Ubique means " Bank, 'Olborn, Bank—a penny all
the way"—

The soothin', jingle-bump-an'-clank from day to
peaceful day.

Ubique means " They've caught De Wet, an' now
we shan't be long."

Ubique means " I much regret, the beggar's goin'
strong!"

Ubique means the tearin' drift where, breech-blocks
jammed with mud,

The khaki muzzles duck an' lift across the khaki
flood.

Ubique means the dancin' plain that changes rocks
to Boers.

Ubique means mirage again an' shellin' all
outdoors.

UBIQUE

Ubique means "Entrain at once for Grootdefeat-
fontein"!

Ubique means "Off-load your guns"—at midnight
in the rain!

Ubique means "More mounted men. Return all
guns to store."

Ubique means the R. A. M. R. Infantillery Corps!

Ubique means that warnin' grunt the perished
linesman knows,

When o'er 'is strung an' sufferin' front the shrapnel
sprays 'is foes;

An' as their firin' dies away the 'usky whisper runs
From lips that 'aven't drunk all day: "The Guns!
Thank Gawd, the Guns!"

Extreme, depressed, point-blank or short, end-first
or any 'ow,

From Colesberg Kop to Quagga's Poort—from
Ninety-Nine till now—

By what I've 'eard the others tell an' I in spots 'ave
seen,

There's nothin' this side 'Eaven or 'Ell Ubique
doesn't mean!

THE RETURN

(ALL ARMS)

PEACE is declared, an' I return
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same;
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began;
I started as a average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man.

*If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she
ain't!*

THE RETURN

Before my gappin' mouth could speak

I 'eard it in my comrade's tone;

I saw it on my neighbour's cheek

Before I felt it flush my own.

An' last it come to me—not pride,

Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole

(If such a term may be applied),

The makin's of a bloomin' soul.

Rivers at night that cluck an' jeer,

Plains which the moonshine turns to sea,

Mountains that never let you near,

An' stars to all eternity;

An' the quick-breathin' dark that fills

The 'ollows of the wilderness,

When the wind worries through the 'ills—

These may 'ave taught me more or less.

Towns without people, ten times took,

An' ten times left an' burned at last;

An' starvin' dogs that come to look

For owners when a column passed;

An' quiet, 'omesick talks between

Men, met by night, you never knew

Until—'is face—by shellfire seen—

Once—an' struck off. They taught me too.

THE RETURN

The day's lay-out—the mornin' sun
 Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight;
The dinner-'ush from noon till one,
 An' the full roar that lasts till night;
An' the pore dead that look so old
 An' was so young an hour ago,
An' legs tied down before they're cold—
 These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years—
 A thousand Places left be'ind—
An' Men from both two 'emispheres
 Discussin' things of every kind;
So much more near than I 'ad known,
 So much more great than I 'ad guessed—
An' me, like all the rest, alone—
 But reachin' out to all the rest!

So 'ath it come to me—not pride,
 Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
 The makin's of a bloomin' soul.
But now, discharged, I fall away
 To do with little things again. . . .
Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,
 Look after me in Thamesfontein!

THE RETURN

*If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! But she
ain't!*

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire.

RECESSIONAL

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

Amen

THE YEARS BETWEEN
AND
POEMS FROM HISTORY

DEDICATION

TO THE SEVEN WATCHMEN

*Seven watchmen sitting in a tower,
Watching what had come upon mankind,
Showed the Man the Glory and the Power,
And bade him shape the Kingdom to his mind.
"All things on Earth your will shall win you."
('Twas so their counsel ran)
"But the Kingdom—the Kingdom is within you,"
Said the Man's own mind to the Man.
For time, and some time—
As it was in the bitter years before
So it shall be in the over-sweetened hour—
That a man's mind is wont to tell him more
Than Seven Watchmen sitting in a tower.*

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE ROWERS

1902

(When Germany proposed that England should help her in a naval demonstration to collect debts from Venezuela.)

THE banked oars fell an hundred strong,
And backed and threshed and ground,
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war-boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar
That makes the whale-bath smoke—
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang:—‘What reckoning do you keep,
And steer her by what star,
If we come unscathed from the Southern deep
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

‘Last night you swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go.
And you tell us now of a secret vow
You have made with an open foe!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

'That we must lie off a lightless coast
And haul and back and veer,
At the will of the breed that have wronged us most
For a year and a year and a year!

'There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door—
And you say we must take the winter sea
And sail with them once more?

'Look South! The gale is scarce o'erpast
That stripped and laid us down,
When we stood forth but they stood fast
And prayed to see us drown.

'Our dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
Our wounds are bleeding yet—
And you tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!

'Neath all the flags of all mankind
That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find
That you strike hands with these?

THE ROWERS

'Of evil times that men can choose
On evil fate to fall,
What brooding Judgment let you loose
To pick the worst of all?

'In sight of peace—from the Narrow Seas
O'er half the world to run—
With a cheated crew, to league anew
With the Goth and the shameless Hun!'

THE VETERANS

(Written for the gathering of survivors of the Indian Mutiny, Albert Hall, 1907.)

To-DAY, across our fathers' graves,
The astonished years reveal
The remnant of that desperate host
Which cleansed our East with steel.

Hail and farewell! We greet you here,
With tears that none will scorn—
O Keepers of the House of old,
Or ever we were born!

One service more we dare to ask—
Pray for us, heroes, pray,
That when Fate lays on us our task
We do not shame the Day!

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON

JUNE 29, 1911

(‘On the re-assembling of Parliament after the Coronation, the Government have no intention of allowing their followers to vote according to their convictions on the Declaration of London, but insist on a strictly party vote.’—*Daily Papers*.)

WE were all one heart and one race
When the Abbey trumpets blew.
For a moment’s breathing-space
We had forgotten you.
Now you return to your honoured place
Panting to shame us anew.

We have walked with the Ages dead—
With our Past alive and ablaze.
And you bid us pawn our honour for bread,
This day of all the days!
And you cannot wait till our guests are sped,
Or last week’s wreath decays?

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The light is still in our eyes
Of Faith and Gentlehood,
Of Service and Sacrifice;
And it does not match our mood,
To turn so soon to your treacheries
That starve our land of her food.

Our ears still carry the sound
Of our once Imperial seas,
Exultant after our King was crowned,
Beneath the sun and the breeze.
It is too early to have them bound
Or sold at your decrees.

Wait till the memory goes,
Wait till the visions fade,
We may betray in time, God knows,
But we would not have it said,
When you make report to our scornful foes,
That we kissed as we betrayed!

ULSTER

1912

(‘Their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works: their works are works of iniquity and the act of violence is in their hands.’—*Isaiah lix.* 6.)

THE dark eleventh hour
Draws on and sees us sold
To every evil power
We fought against of old.
Rebellion, rapine, hate,
Oppression, wrong and greed
Are loosed to rule our fate,
By England’s act and deed.

The Faith in which we stand,
The laws we made and guard,
Our honour, lives, and land
Are given for reward
To Murder done by night,
To Treason taught by day,
To folly, sloth, and spite,
And we are thrust away.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The blood our fathers spilt,
Our love, our toils, our pains,
Are counted us for guilt,
And only bind our chains.
Before an Empire's eyes
The traitor claims his price.
What need of further lies?
We are the sacrifice.

We asked no more than leave
To reap where we had sown,
Through good and ill to cleave
To our own flag and throne.
Now England's shot and steel
Beneath that flag must show
How loyal hearts should kneel
To England's oldest foe.

We know the war prepared
On every peaceful home,
We know the hells declared
For such as serve not Rome—

ULSTER

The terror, threats, and dread
In market, hearth, and field—
We know, when all is said,
We perish if we yield.

Believe, we dare not boast,
Believe, we do not fear—
We stand to pay the cost
In all that men hold dear.
What answer from the North?
One Law, one Land, one Throne.
If England drive us forth
We shall not fall alone.

THE COVENANT

1914

WE thought we ranked above the chance of ill.

Others might fall, not we, for we were wise—
Merchants in freedom. So, of our free-will

We let our servants drug our strength with lies.
The pleasure and the poison had its way

On us as on the meanest, till we learned
That he who lies will steal, who steals will slay.

Neither God's judgment nor man's heart was
turned.

Yet there remains His Mercy—to be sought
Through wrath and peril till we cleanse the wrong
By that last right which our forefathers claimed
When their Law failed them and its stewards were
bought.

This is our cause. God help us, and make strong
Our wills to meet Him later, unashamed!

FRANCE

1913

*BROKE to every known mischance, lifted over all
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the Gaul ;
Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,
Terrible with strength that draws from her tireless soil;
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's
mind,
First to follow Truth and last to leave old Truths
behind—
France, beloved of every soul that loves its fellow-kind !*

Ere our birth (rememberest thou ?) side by side we
lay
Fretting in the womb of Rome to begin our fray.
Ere men knew our tongues apart, our one task was
known—
Each must mould the other's fate as he wrought
his own.
To this end we stirred mankind till all Earth was
ours,
Till our world-end strifes begat wayside thrones
and powers—

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Puppets that we made or broke to bar the other's
path—

Necessary, outpost folk, hirelings of our wrath.

To this end we stormed the seas, tack for tack,
and burst

Through the doorways of new worlds, doubtful
which was first,

Hand on hilt (rememberest thou?) ready for the
blow—

Sure, whatever else we met, we should meet our
foe.

Spurred or balked at every stride by the other's
strength,

So we rode the ages down and every ocean's length!

Where did you refrain from us or we refrain from
you?

Ask the wave that has not watched war between
us two!

Others held us for a while, but with weaker charms,

These we quitted at the call for each other's arms.

Eager toward the known delight, equally we strove—

Each the other's mystery, terror, need, and love.

To each other's open court with our proofs we came.

FRANCE

Where could we find honour else, or men to test
our claim?

From each other's throat we wrenched—valour's
last reward—

That extorted word of praise gasped 'twixt lunge
and guard.

In each other's cup we poured mingled blood and
tears,

Brutal joys, unmeasured hopes, intolerable fears—

All that soiled or salted life for a thousand years.

Proved beyond the need of proof, matched in every
clime,

O companion, we have lived greatly through all
time!

Yoked in knowledge and remorse, now we come to
rest,

Laughing at old villainies that Time has turned to
jest;

Pardoning old necessities no pardon can efface—

That undying sin we shared in Rouen market-place.

Now we watch the new years shape, wondering if
they hold

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Fiercer lightnings in their heart than we launched
of old.

Now we hear new voices rise, question, boast or
gird,

As we raged (rememberest thou?) when our crowds
were stirred.

Now we count new keels afloat, and new hosts on
land,

Massed like ours (rememberest thou?) when our
strokes were planned.

We were schooled for dear life's sake, to know each
other's blade.

What can blood and iron make more than we have
made?

We have learned by keenest use to know each
other's mind.

What shall blood and iron loose that we cannot
bind?

We who swept each other's coast, sacked each
other's home,

Since the sword of Brennus clashed on the scales
at Rome,

FRANCE

Listen, count and close again, wheeling girth to
girth,
In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on
earth!

Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the
Gaul;

Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,
Terrible with strength renewed from a tireless soil;
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's
mind,

First to face the Truth and last to leave old Truths
behind—

France, beloved of every soul that loves or serves
its kind!

‘FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE’

1914

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war,
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away,
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!
 Though all we knew depart,
 The old Commandments stand:—
 ‘In courage keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand.’

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
‘No law except the Sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.’
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

‘FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE’

Comfort, content, delight,
The ages’ slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,
The old Commandments stand:—
‘In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.’

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
One life for each to give.
Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

A SONG IN STORM

BE well assured that on our side
The abiding oceans fight,
Though headlong wind and heaping tide
Make us their sport to-night.
By force of weather not of war
In jeopardy we steer,
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall appear,
How in all time of our distress,
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew.

Out of the mist into the mirk
The glimmering combers roll.
Almost these mindless waters work
As though they had a soul—
Almost as though they leagued to whelm
Our flag beneath their green:
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall be seen, etc.

A SONG IN STORM

Be well assured, though wave and wind
Have weightier blows in store,
That we who keep the watch assigned
Must stand to it the more;
And as our streaming bows rebuke
Each billow's baulked career,
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear, etc.

No matter though our deck be swept
And masts and timber crack—
We can make good all loss except
The loss of turning back.
So, 'twixt these Devils and our deep
Let courteous trumpets sound,
To welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it will be found, etc.

Be well assured, though in our power
Is nothing left to give
But chance and place to meet the hour,
And leave to strive to live,

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Till these dissolve our Order holds,
Our Service binds us here.
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear,
How in all time of our distress,
And in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

THE OUTLAWS

1914

THROUGH learned and laborious years
They set themselves to find
Fresh terrors and undreamed-of fears
To heap upon mankind.

All that they drew from Heaven above
Or digged from earth beneath,
They laid into their treasure-trove
And arsenals of death:

While, for well-weighed advantage sake,
Ruler and ruled alike
Built up the faith they meant to break
When the fit hour should strike.

They traded with the careless earth
And good return it gave;
They plotted by their neighbour's hearth
The means to make him slave.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

When all was ready to their hand
They loosed their hidden sword,
And utterly laid waste a land
Their oath was pledged to guard.

Coldly they went about to raise
To life and make more dread
Abominations of old days,
That men believed were dead.

They paid the price to reach their goal
Across a world in flame;
But their own hate slew their own soul
Before that victory came.

ZION

THE Doorkeepers of Zion,
They do not always stand
In helmet and whole armour,
With halberds in their hand;
But, being sure of Zion,
And all her mysteries,
They rest awhile in Zion,
Sit down and smile in Zion;
Ay, even jest in Zion;
In Zion, at their ease.

The Gatekeepers of Baal,
They dare not sit or lean,
But fume and fret and posture
And foam and curse between;

For being bound to Baal,
Whose sacrifice is vain,
Their rest is scant with Baal,
They glare and pant for Baal,
They mouth and rant for Baal,
For Baal in their pain!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

But we will go to Zion,
By choice and not through dread,
With these our present comrades
And those our present dead;
And, being free of Zion
In both her fellowships,
Sit down and sup in Zion—
Stand up and drink in Zion
Whatever cup in Zion
Is offered to our lips!

LORD ROBERTS

1914

He passed in the very battle-smoke
Of the war that he had descried.
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke
When the Master-Gunner died.

He passed to the very sound of the guns;
But, before his eye grew dim,
He had seen the faces of the sons
Whose sires had served with him.

He had touched their sword-hilts and greeted each
With the old sure word of praise;
And there was virtue in touch and speech
As it had been in old days.

So he dismissed them and took his rest,
And the steadfast spirit went forth
Between the adoring East and West
And the tireless guns of the North.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honours moved
An hair's-breadth from his aim.

Never again the war-wise face,
The weighed and urgent word
That pleaded in the market-place—
Pleaded and was not heard!

Yet from his life a new life springs
Through all the hosts to come,
And Glory is the least of things
That follow this man home.

THE QUESTION

1916

BRETHREN, how shall it fare with me
When the war is laid aside,
If it be proven that I am he
For whom a world has died?

If it be proven that all my good,
And the greater good I will make,
Were purchased me by a multitude
Who suffered for my sake?

That I was delivered by mere mankind
Vowed to one sacrifice,
And not, as I hold them, battle-blind,
But dying with open eyes?

That they did not ask me to draw the sword
When they stood to endure their lot—
That they only looked to me for a word,
And I answered I knew them not?

THE YEARS BETWEEN

If it be found, when the battle clears,
Their death has set me free,
Then how shall I live with myself through the years
Which they have bought for me?

Brethren, how must it fare with me,
Or how am I justified,
If it be proven that I am he
For whom mankind has died;
If it be proven that I am he
Who being questioned denied?

THE CHOICE

1917

(THE AMERICAN SPIRIT SPEAKS)

*To the Judge of Right and Wrong
With Whom fulfilment lies
Our purpose and our power belong,
Our faith and sacrifice.*

Let Freedom's Land rejoice!
Our ancient bonds are riven;
Once more to us the eternal choice
Of Good or Ill is given.

Not at a little cost,
Hardly by prayer or tears,
Shall we recover the road we lost
In the drugged and doubting years.

But, after the fires and the wrath,
But, after searching and pain,
His Mercy opens us a path
To live with ourselves again.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

In the Gates of Death rejoice!

We see and hold the good—

Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice

With Freedom's brotherhood!

Then praise the Lord Most High

Whose Strength hath saved us whole,

Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die

And not the living Soul!

To the God in Man displayed—

Where e'er we see that Birth,

Be love and understanding paid

As never yet on earth!

To the Spirit that moves in Man,

On Whom all worlds depend,

Be Glory since our world began

And service to the end!



“Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice
with Freedom’s brotherhood!”

THE HOLY WAR

1917

(‘For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.’

—BUNYAN’S *Holy War*.)

*A TINKER out of Bedford,
A vagrant oft in quod,
A private under Fairfax,
A minister of God—
Two hundred years and thirty
Ere Armageddon came
His single hand portrayed it,
And Bunyan was his name!*

He mapped, for those who follow,
The world in which we are—
‘This famous town of Mansoul’
That takes the Holy War.
Her true and traitor people,
The gates along her wall,
From Eye Gate unto Feel Gate,
John Bunyan showed them all.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

All enemy divisions,
Recruits of every class,
And highly-screened positions
For flame or poison-gas;
The craft that we call modern,
The crimes that we call new,
John Bunyan had 'em typed and filed
In Sixteen Eighty-two.

Likewise the Lords of Looseness
That hamper faith and works,
The Perseverance-Doubters,
And Present-Comfort shirks,
With brittle intellectuals
Who crack beneath a strain—
John Bunyan met that helpful set
In Charles the Second's reign.

Emmanuel's vanguard dying
For right and not for rights,

THE HOLY WAR

My Lord Apollyon lying
To the State-kept Stockholmites,
The Pope, the swithering Neutrals,
The Kaiser and his Gott—
Their rôles, their goals, their naked souls—
He knew and drew the lot.

Now he hath left his quarters,
In Bunhill Fields to lie,
The wisdom that he taught us
Is proven prophecy—
One watchword through our armies,
One answer from our lands:—
'No dealings with Diabolus
As long as Mansoul stands!'

*A pedlar from a hovel,
The lowest of the low,
The father of the Novel,
Salvation's first Defoe,
Eight blinded generations
Ere Armageddon came,
He showed us how to meet it,
And Bunyan was his name!*

THE HOUSES

(A SONG OF THE DOMINIONS)

1898

'Twixt my house and thy house the pathway is
broad,

In thy house or my house is half the world's hoard;
By my house and thy house hangs all the world's
fate,

On thy house and my house lies half the world's hate.

For my house and thy house no help shall we find
Save thy house and my house—kin cleaving to kind:
If my house be taken, thine tumbleth anon,
If thy house be forfeit, mine followeth soon.

'Twixt my house and thy house what talk can there
be

Of headship or lordship, of service or fee?
Since my house to thy house no greater can send
Than thy house to my house—friend comforting
friend;

And thy house to my house no meaner can bring
Than my house to thy house—King counselling King.

RUSSIA TO THE PACIFISTS

God rest you, peaceful gentlemen, let nothing you
dismay,

But—leave your sports a little while—the dead are
borne this way!

Armies dead and Cities dead, past all count or care.

God rest you, merry gentlemen, what portent see
you there?

Singing:—Break ground for a wearied host

That have no ground to keep.

Give them the rest that they covet
most . . .

And who shall next to sleep, good sirs,
In such a trench to sleep?

God rest you, peaceful gentlemen, but give us leave
to pass.

We go to dig a nation's grave as great as England
was.

For this Kingdom and this Glory and this Power
and this Pride

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Three hundred years it flourished—in three hundred days it died.

Singing:—Pour oil for a frozen throng,

That lie about the ways.

Give them the warmth they have lacked
so long . . .

And what shall be next to blaze, good sirs,

On such a pyre to blaze?

God rest you, thoughtful gentlemen, and send your sleep is light!

Remains of this dominion no shadow, sound, or sight,

Except the sound of weeping and the sight of burning fire,

And the shadow of a people that is trampled into mire.

Singing:—Break bread for a starving folk

That perish in the field.

Give them their food as they take the yoke . . .

And who shall be next to yield, good sirs,
For such a bribe to yield?

RUSSIA TO THE PACIFISTS

God rest you, merry gentlemen, and keep you in
your mirth!

Was ever kingdom turned so soon to ashes, blood,
and earth?

'Twixt the summer and the snow—seeding-time and
frost—

Arms and victual, hope and counsel, name and
country lost!

Singing:—*Let down by the foot and the head—
Shovel and smooth it all!*

So do we bury a Nation dead . . .

And who shall be next to fall, good sirs,
With your good help to fall?

THE IRISH GUARDS

1918

WE'RE not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honour at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards' Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!
*Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's bound to be
fighting,
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!*

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth,
The English—left at Ghent.
They're fighting on our side to-day
But, before they changed their clothes,

THE IRISH GUARDS

The half of Europe knew our fame,
As all of Ireland knows!

*Old Days! The wild geese are flying,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's memory undying,
And when we forget, it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!*

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water runs
As red as yesterday,
And the Irish move to the sound of the guns
Like salmon to the sea.

*Old Days! The wild geese are ranging,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish their hearts are un-
changing,
And when they are changed, it is Ireland no
more!*

Ireland no more!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so new in the ring,
For we carried our packs with Marshal Saxe
When Louis was our King.
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now,
And we're King George's men,
And after one hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

*Ah, France! And did we stand by you,
When life was made splendid with gifts and
rewards?*

*Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?
Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's loving and fight-
ing,
And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!*

A NATIVITY

1916

THE Babe was laid in the Manger

Between the gentle kine—

All safe from cold and danger—

‘But it was not so with mine.

(With mine! With mine!)

Is it well with the child, is it well?’

The waiting mother prayed.

‘For I know not how he fell,

And I know not where he is laid.’

A Star stood forth in Heaven ;

The watchers ran to see

The Sign of the Promise given—

‘But there comes no sign to me.

(To me! To me!)

‘My child died in the dark.

Is it well with the child, is it well?

There was none to tend him or mark,

And I know not how he fell.’

THE YEARS BETWEEN

*The Cross was raised on high ;
The Mother grieved beside—*
‘But the Mother saw Him die
And took Him when He died.
(He died ! He died !)
‘Seemly and undefiled
His burial-place was made—
Is it well, is it well with the child ?
For I know not where he is laid.’

*On the dawning of Easter Day
Comes Mary Magdalene ;
But the Stone was rolled away,
And the Body was not within—
(Within ! Within !)*
‘Ah, who will answer my word ?’
The broken mother prayed.
‘They have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where He is laid.’

.

A NATIVITY

The Star stands forth in Heaven.

The watchers watch in vain

For a Sign of the Promise given

Of peace on Earth again—

(Again! Again!)

‘But I know for Whom he fell’—

The steadfast mother smiled.

‘Is it well with the child—is it well?’

It is well—it is well with the child!’

EN-DOR

(‘Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor.’—
I *Samuel* xxviii. 7.)

THE road to En-dor is easy to tread
For Mother or yearning Wife.
There, it is sure, we shall meet our Dead
As they were even in life.
Earth has not dreamed of the blessing in store
For desolate hearts on the road to En-dor.

Whispers shall comfort us out of the dark—
Hands—ah God!—that we knew!
Visions and voices—look and heark!—
Shall prove that our tale is true,
And that those who have passed to the further shore
May be hailed—at a price—on the road to En-dor.

But they are so deep in their new eclipse
Nothing they say can reach,
Unless it be uttered by alien lips
And framed in a stranger’s speech.
The son must send word to the mother that bore,
Through an hireling’s mouth. ’Tis the rule of En-
dor.

EN-DOR

And not for nothing these gifts are shown
By such as delight our dead.
They must twitch and stiffen and slaver and groan
Ere the eyes are set in the head,
And the voice from the belly begins. Therefore,
We pay them a wage where they ply at En-dor.

Even so, we have need of faith
And patience to follow the clue.
Often, at first, what the dear one saith
Is babble, or jest, or untrue.
(Lying spirits perplex us sore
Till our loves—and our lives—are well-known at
En-dor). . . .

*Oh the road to En-dor is the oldest road
And the craziest road of all!
Straight it runs to the Witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul,
And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store
For such as go down on the road to En-dor!*

A RECANTATION

(TO LYDE OF THE MUSIC HALLS)

WHAT boots it on the Gods to call?
Since, answered or unheard,
We perish with the Gods and all
Things made—except the Word.

Ere certain Fate had touched a heart
By fifty years made cold,
I judged thee, Lyde, and thy art
O'erblown and over-bold.

But he—but he, of whom bereft
I suffer vacant days—
He on his shield not meanly left—
He cherished all thy lays.

Witness the magic coffer stocked
With convoluted runes
Wherein thy very voice was locked
And linked to circling tunes.

A RECANTATION

Witness thy portrait, smoke-defiled,
That decked his shelter-place.
Life seemed more present, wrote the child,
Beneath thy well-known face.

And when the grudging days restored
Him for a breath to home,
He, with fresh crowds of youth, adored
Thee making mirth in Rome.

Therefore, I, humble, join the hosts,
Loyal and loud, who bow
To thee as Queen of Songs—and ghosts—
For I remember how

Never more rampant rose the Hall
At thy audacious line
Than when the news came in from Gaul,
Thy son had—followed mine.

But thou didst hide it in thy breast
And, capering, took the brunt
Of blaze and blare, and launched the jest
That swept next week the front.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Singer to children! Ours possessed
Sleep before noon—but thee,
Wakeful each midnight for the rest,
No holocaust shall free.

Yet they who use the Word assigned,
To hearten and make whole,
Not less than Gods have served mankind,
Though vultures rend their soul.

MY BOY JACK

‘HAVE you news of my boy Jack?’

Not this tide.

‘When d’you think that he’ll come back?’

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

‘Has any one else had word of him?’

Not this tide.

For what is sunk will hardly swim,

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

‘Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?’

None this tide,

Nor any tide,

Except he did not shame his kind—

Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.

Then hold your head up all the more,

This tide,

And every tide;

Because he was the son you bore,

And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

THE VERDICTS

(JUTLAND)

Not in the thick of the fight,
Not in the press of the odds,
Do the heroes come to their height,
Or we know the demi-gods.

That stands over till peace.
We can only perceive
Men returned from the seas,
Very grateful for leave.

They grant us sudden days
Snatched from their business of war;
But we are too close to appraise
What manner of men they are.

And, whether their names go down
With age-kept victories,
Or whether they battle and drown
Unreckoned, is hid from our eyes.

THE VERDICTS

They are too near to be great,
But our children shall understand
When and how our fate
Was changed, and by whose hand.

Our children shall measure their worth.
We are content to be blind . . .
But we know that we walk on a new-born earth
With the saviours of mankind.

MESOPOTAMIA

1917

THEY shall not return to us, the resolute, the young.
The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave:
But the men who left them thriftily to die in their
own dung,
Shall they come with years and honour to the
grave?

They shall not return to us, the strong men coldly
slain
In sight of help denied from day to day:
But the men who edged their agonies and chid them
in their pain,
Are they too strong and wise to put away?

Our dead shall not return to us while Day and Night
divide—
Never while the bars of sunset hold:
But the idle-minded overlings who quibbled while
they died,
Shall they thrust for high employments as of old?

MESOPOTAMIA

Shall we only threaten and be angry for an hour?

When the storm is ended shall we find
How softly but how swiftly they have sidled back
to power

By the favour and contrivance of their kind?

Even while they soothe us, while they promise large
amends,

Even while they make a show of fear,
Do they call upon their debtors, and take council
with their friends,
To confirm and re-establish each career?

Their lives cannot repay us—their death could not
undo—

The shame that they have laid upon our race:
But the slothfulness that wasted and the arrogance
that slew,
Shall we leave it unabated in its place?

THE HYÆNAS

AFTER the burial-parties leave
And the baffled kites have fled;
The wise hyænas come out at eve
To take account of our dead.

How he died and why he died
Troubles them not a whit.
They snout the bushes and stones aside
And dig till they come to it.

They are only resolute they shall eat
That they and their mates may thrive,
And they know that the dead are safer meat
Than the weakest thing alive.

(For a goat may butt, and a worm may sting,
And a child will sometimes stand;
But a poor dead soldier of the King
Can never lift a hand.)

THE HYÆNAS

They whoop and halloo and scatter the dirt
Until their tushes white
Take good hold in the army shirt,
And tug the corpse to light.

And the pitiful face is shewn again
For an instant ere they close;
But it is not discovered to living men—
Only to God and to those

Who, being soulless, are free from shame,
Whatever meat they may find.
Nor do they defile the dead man's name—
That is reserved for his kind.

THE SPIES' MARCH

(BEFORE THE WAR)

(“The outbreak is in full swing and our death-rate would sicken Napoleon. . . . Dr. M—— died last week, and C—— on Monday, but some more medicines are coming. . . . We don’t seem to be able to check it at all. . . . Villages panicking badly. . . . In some places not a living soul. . . . But at any rate the experience gained may come in useful, so I am keeping my notes written up to date in case of accidents. . . . Death is a queer chap to live with for steady company.”—*Extract from a private letter from Manchuria.*)

THERE are no leaders to lead us to honour, and yet
without leaders we sally,

Each man reporting for duty alone, out of sight,
out of reach, of his fellow.

There are no bugles to call the battalions, and yet
without bugles we rally

From the ends of the earth to the ends of the earth,
to follow the Standard of Yellow!

Fall in! O fall in! O fall in!

THE SPIES' MARCH

Not where the squadrons mass,
Not where the bayonets shine,
Not where the big shell shout as they pass
Over the firing-line;
Not where the wounded are,
Not where the nations die,
Killed in the cleanly game of war—
That is no place for a spy!
O Princes, Thrones and Powers, your work
is less than ours—
Here is no place for a spy!

Trained to another use,
We march with colours furled,
Only concerned when Death breaks loose
On a front of half a world.
Only for General Death
The Yellow Flag may fly,
While we take post beneath—
That is the place for a spy.
Where Plague has spread his pinions over
Nations and Dominions—
Then will be work for a spy!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The dropping shots begin,
The single funerals pass,
Our skirmishers run in,
The corpses dot the grass!
The howling towns stampede,
The tainted hamlets die.
Now it is war indeed—
Now there is room for a spy!
O Peoples, Kings and Lands, we are waiting
your commands—
What is the work for a spy?
(DRUMS)—*'Fear is upon us, spy!*

'Go where his pickets hide—
Unmask the shapes they take,
Whether a gnat from the waterside,
Or stinging fly in the brake,
Or filth of the crowded street,
Or a sick rat limping by,
Or a smear of spittle dried in the heat—
That is the work of a spy!
(DRUMS)—*Death is upon us, spy!*

THE SPIES' MARCH

'What does he next prepare?

Whence will he move to attack?—

By water, earth or air?—

How can we head him back?

Shall we starve him out if we burn

Or bury his food-supply?

Slip through his lines and learn—

That is work for a spy!

(DRUMS)—*Get to your business, spy!*

'Does he feint or strike in force?

Will he charge or ambuscade?

What is it checks his course?

Is he beaten or only delayed?

How long will the lull endure?

Is he retreating? Why?

Crawl to his camp and make sure—

That is the work for a spy!

(DRUMS)—*Fetch us our answer, spy!*

THE YEARS BETWEEN

‘Ride with him girth to girth
Wherever the Pale Horse wheels,
Wait on his councils, ear to earth,
And say what the dust reveals.
For the smoke of our torment rolls
Where the burning thousands lie;
What do we care for men’s bodies or souls?
Bring us deliverance, spy!’

THE SONS OF MARTHA

THE Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have
inherited that good part;
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the
careful soul and the troubled heart.
And because she lost her temper once, and because
she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world with-
out end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet
and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their
care that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their
care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary
by land and main.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

They say to mountains, 'Be ye removèd.' They
say to the lesser floods 'Be dry.'

Under their rods are the rocks reprovèd—they are
not afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then
is the bed of the deep laid bare,

That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly
sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their gloves' end where they
piece and repiece the living wires.

He rears against the gates they tend: they feed him
hungry behind their fires.

Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into
his terrible stall,

And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad
and turn him till evenfall.

THE SONS OF MARTHA

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these
till death is Relief afar.

They are concerned with matters hidden—under
the earth-line their altars are:

The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn
to restore to the mouth,

And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them
again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them
a little before the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to
leave their work when they damn-well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the
dark and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's
days may be long in the land.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a
path more fair or flat;
Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of
Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a wit-
ness to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his own kind in
their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessèd—they
know the angels are on their side.
They know in them is the Grace confessèd, and for
them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they
see how truly the Promise runs:
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

MARY'S SON

If you stop to find out what your wages will be
And how they will clothe and feed you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Sea,
For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command,
And argue with people about you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,
For the Land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done
And to boast what your labour is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear!

THE SONG OF THE LATHES

1918

(Being the words of the tune hummed at her lathe by Mrs. L. Embsay,
widow.)

THE fans and the beltings they roar round me.
The power is shaking the floor round me
Till the lathes pick up their duty and the mid-
night-shift takes over.

It is good for me to be here!

*Guns in Flanders—Flanders guns !
(I had a man that worked 'em once !)
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders !
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders !
Shells for guns in Flanders ! Feed the guns !*

The cranes and the carriers they boom over me,
The bays and the galleries they loom over me,
With their quarter-mile of pillars growing little in
the distance:

It is good for me to be here!



"Guns in Flanders—Flanders Guns!
(I had a man that worked 'em once!)"

THE SONG OF THE LATHES

The Zeppelins and Gothas they raid over us.
Our lights give warning, and fade over us.
(Seven thousand women keeping quiet in the darkness!)

Oh, it is good for me to be here!

The roofs and the buildings they grow round me,
Eating up the fields I used to know round me;
And the shed that I began in is a sub-inspector's office—

So long have I been here!

I've seen six hundred mornings make our lamps
grow dim,
Through the bit that isn't painted round our skylight rim,
And the sunshine in the window slope according
to the seasons,

Twice since I've been here.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The trains on the sidings they call to us
With the hundred thousand blanks that they
 haul to us;
And we send 'em what we've finished, and they
 take it where it's wanted,
 For that is why we are here!

Man's hate passes as his love will pass.
God made woman what she always was.
Them that bear the burden they will never grant
 forgiveness
 So long as they are here!

Once I was a woman, but that's by with me.
All I loved and looked for, it must die with me.
But the Lord has left me over for a servant of the
 Judgment,
 And I serve His Judgments here!

Guns in Flanders—Flanders guns!
(I had a son that worked 'em once!)
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!
 Shells for guns in Flanders! Feed the guns!

GETHSEMANE

THE Garden called Gethsemane
In Picardy it was,
And there the people came to see
The English soldiers pass.
We used to pass—we used to pass
Or halt, as it might be,
And ship our masks in case of gas
Beyond Gethsemane.

The Garden called Gethsemane,
It held a pretty lass,
But all the time she talked to me
I prayed my cup might pass.
The officer sat on the chair,
The men lay on the grass,
And all the time we halted there
I prayed my cup might pass—

It didn't pass—it didn't pass—
It didn't pass from me.
I drank it when we met the gas
Beyond Gethsemane.

THE PRO-CONSULS

*THE overfaithful sword returns the user
His heart's desire at price of his heart's blood.
The clamour of the arrogant accuser
Wastes that one hour we needed to make good.
This was foretold of old at our outgoing ;
This we accepted who have squandered, knowing,
The strength and glory of our reputations,
At the day's need, as it were dross, to guard
The tender and new-dedicate foundations
Against the sea we fear—not man's award.*

They that dig foundations deep,
Fit for realms to rise upon,
Little honour do they reap
Of their generation,
Any more than mountains gain
Stature till we reach the plain.

With no veil before their face
Such as shroud or sceptre lend—
Daily in the market-place,
Of one height to foe and friend—

THE PRO-CONSULS

They must cheapen self to find
Ends uncheapened for mankind.

Through the night when hirelings rest,
Sleepless they arise, alone,
The unsleeping arch to test
And the o'er-trusted corner-stone,
'Gainst the need, they know, that lies
Hid behind the centuries.

Not by lust of praise or show
Not by Peace herself betrayed—
Peace herself must they forego
Till that peace be fitly made;
And in single strength uphold
Wearier hands and hearts acold.

On the stage their act hath framed
For thy sports, O Liberty!
Doubted are they, and defamed
By the tongues their act set free,
While they quicken, tend and raise
Power that must their power displace.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Lesser men feign greater goals,
Failing whereof they may sit
Scholarly to judge the souls
That go down into the pit,
And, despite its certain clay,
Heave a new world towards the day.

These at labour make no sign,
More than planets, tides or years
Which discover God's design,
Not our hopes and not our fears;
Nor in aught they gain or lose
Seek a triumph or excuse.

*For, so the Ark be borne to Zion, who
Heeds how they perished or were paid that bore it?
For, so the Shrine abide, what shame—what pride—
If we, the priests, were bound or crowned before it?*

THE CRAFTSMAN

ONCE, after long-drawn revel at The Mermaid,
He to the overbearing Boanerges
Jonson, uttered (If half of it were liquor,
Blessed be the vintage!)

Saying how, at an alehouse under Cotswold,
He had made sure of his very Cleopatra,
Drunk with enormous, salvation-contemning
Love for a tinker.

How, while he hid from Sir Thomas's keepers,
Crouched in a ditch and drenched by the midnight
Dews, he had listened to gipsy Juliet
Rail at the dawning.

How at Bankside, a boy drowning kittens
Winced at the business; whereupon his sister
(Lady Macbeth aged seven) thrust 'em under,
Sombrely scornful.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

How on a Sabbath, hushed and compassionate—
She being known since her birth to the townsfolk—
Stratford dredged and delivered from Avon
Dripping Ophelia.

So, with a thin third finger marrying
Drop to wine-drop domed on the table,
Shakespeare opened his heart till sunrise
Entered to hear him.

London wakened and he, imperturbable,
Passed from waking to hurry after shadows . . .
Busied upon shows of no earthly importance?
Yes, but he knew it!

THINGS AND THE MAN

(IN MEMORIAM, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN)

1904

‘And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren and they hated him yet the more.’—*Genesis xxxvii. 5.*

OH ye who hold the written clue
To all save all unwritten things;
And, half a league behind, pursue
The accomplished Fact with flouts and flings,
Look! To your knee your baby brings
The oldest tale since Earth began—
The answer to your worryings:
‘Once on a time there was a Man.’

He, single-handed, met and slew
Magicians, Armies, Ogres, Kings.
He lonely ’mid his doubting crew—
‘In all the loneliness of wings’—

THE YEARS BETWEEN

He fed the flame, he filled the springs,
He locked the ranks, he launched the van
Straight at the grinning Teeth of Things.
'Once on a time there was a Man.'

The peace of shocked Foundations flew
Before his ribald questionings.
He broke the Oracles in two,
And bared the paltry wires and strings.
He headed desert wanderings;
He led his soul, his cause, his clan
A little from the ruck of Things.
'Once on a time there was a Man.'

Thrones, Powers, Dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings—
The meek historian deems them true
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings—
The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban;
Things never yet created things—
'Once on a time there was a Man.'

THINGS AND THE MAN

A bolt is fallen from the blue.

A wakened realm full circle swings
Where Dothan's dreamer dreams anew
Of vast and farborne harvestings;
And unto him an Empire clings

That grips the purpose of his plan.

My Lords, how think you of these things?

Once—in our time—is there a Man?

THE BENEFACTORS

*Ан! What avails the classic bent
And what the cultured word,
Against the undoctored incident
That actually occurred?*

*And what is Art whereto we press
Through paint and prose and rhyme—
When Nature in her nakedness
Defeats us every time?*

It is not learning, grace nor gear,
Nor easy meat and drink,
But bitter pinch of pain and fear
That makes creation think.

When in this world's unpleasing youth
Our god-like race began,
The longest arm, the sharpest tooth,
Gave man control of man;

THE BENEFACTORS

Till, bruised and bitten to the bone
And taught by pain and fear,
He learned to deal the far-off stone,
And poke the long, safe spear.

So tooth and nail were obsolete
As means against a foe,
Till, bored by uniform defeat,
Some genius built the bow.

Then stone and javelin proved as vain
As old-time tooth and nail;
Ere, spurred anew by fear and pain,
Man fashioned coats of mail.

Then was there safety for the rich
And danger for the poor,
Till someone mixed a powder which
Redressed the scale once more.

Helmet and armour disappeared
With sword and bow and pike,
And, when the smoke of battle cleared,
All men were armed alike. . . .

THE YEARS BETWEEN

And when ten million such were slain
To please one crazy king,
Man, schooled in bulk by fear and pain,
Grew weary of the thing;

And, at the very hour designed,
To enslave him past recall,
His tooth-stone-arrow-gun-shy mind
Turned and abolished all.

.

*All Power, each Tyrant, every Mob
Whose head has grown too large,
Ends by destroying its own job
And earns its own discharge.*

*And Man, whose mere necessities
Move all things from his path,
Trembles meanwhile at their decrees,
And deprecates their wrath!*

THE DEAD KING

(EDWARD VII.)

1910

*WHO in the Realm to-day lays down dear life for the
sake of a land more dear?*

*And, unconcerned for his own estate, toils till the
last grudged sands have run?*

Let him approach. It is proven here

*Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our
King himself has done.*

For to him above all was Life good, above all he
commanded

Her abundance full-handed.

The peculiar treasure of Kings was his for the taking:
All that men come to in dreams he inherited wak-
ing:—

His marvel of world-gathered armies—one heart
and all races;

His seas 'neath his keels when his war-castles foamed
to their places;

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The thundering foreshores that answered his heralded landing;

The huge lighted cities adoring, the assemblies upstanding;

The Councils of Kings called in haste to learn how he was minded—

The Kingdoms, the Powers, and the Glories he dealt with unblinded.

To him came all captains of men, all achievers of glory,

Hot from the press of their battles they told him their story.

They revealed him their life in an hour and, saluting, departed,

Joyful to labour afresh—he had made them new-hearted.

And, since he weighed men from his youth, and no lie long deceived him,

He spoke and exacted the truth, and the basest believed him.

THE DEAD KING

And God poured him an exquisite wine, that was
daily renewed to him,
In the clear-welling love of his peoples that daily
accrued to him.

Honour and service we gave him, rejoicingly fear-
less;

Faith absolute, trust beyond speech and a friendship
as peerless.

And since he was Master and Servant in all that
we asked him,

We leaned hard on his wisdom in all things, know-
ing not how we tasked him.

For on him each new day laid command, every
tyrannous hour,

To confront, or confirm, or make smooth some dread
issue of power;

To deliver true judgment aright at the instant,
unaided,

In the strict, level, ultimate phrase that allowed or
dissuaded;

THE YEARS BETWEEN

To foresee, to allay, to avert from us perils unnumbered,

To stand guard on our gates when he guessed that the watchmen had slumbered;

To win time, to turn hate, to woo folly to service and, mightily schooling

His strength to the use of his Nations, to rule as not ruling.

These were the works of our King; Earth's peace was the proof of them.

God gave him great works to fulfil, and to us the behoof of them.

We accepted his toil as our right—none spared, none excused him.

When he was bowed by his burden his rest was refused him.

We troubled his age with our weakness—the blacker our shame to us!

Hearing his People had need of him, straightway he came to us.

THE DEAD KING

As he received so he gave—nothing grudged, naught
denying,

Not even the last gasp of his breath when he strove
for us, dying.

For our sakes, without question, he put from him
all that he cherished.

Simply as any that serve him he served and he
perished.

All that Kings covet was his, and he flung it aside
for us.

Simply as any that die in his service he died for us.

*Who in the Realm to-day has choice of the easy road or
the hard to tread?*

*And, much concerned for his own estate, would sell
his soul to remain in the sun?*

Let him depart nor look on Our dead.

*Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our
King himself has done.*

A DEATH-BED

‘THIS is the State above the Law.

The State exists for the State alone.’

*[This is a gland at the back of the jaw,
And an answering lump by the collar-bone.]*

Some die shouting in gas or fire;

Some die silent, by shell and shot.

Some die desperate, caught on the wire;

Some die suddenly. This will not.

‘Regis suprema Voluntas lex’

[It will follow the regular course of—throats.]

Some die pinned by the broken decks,

Some die sobbing between the boats.

Some die eloquent, pressed to death

By the sliding trench, as their friends can hear.

Some die wholly in half a breath.

Some—give trouble for half a year.

A DEATH-BED

‘There is neither Evil nor Good in life
Except as the needs of the State ordain.’
[*Since it is rather too late for the knife,*
All we can do is to mask the pain.]

Some die saintly in faith and hope—
One died thus in a prison-yard—
Some die broken by rape or the rope;
Some die easily. This dies hard.

‘I will dash to pieces who bar my way.
Woe to the traitor! Woe to the weak!’
[*Let him write what he wishes to say.*
It tires him out if he tries to speak.]

Some die quietly. Some abound
In loud self-pity. Others spread
Bad morale through the cots around . . .
This is a type that is better dead.

‘The war was forced on me by my foes.
All that I sought was the right to live.’
[*Don’t be afraid of a triple dose ;*
The pain will neutralize half we give.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Here are the needles. See that he dies

While the effects of the drug endure. . . .

What is the question he asks with his eyes?—

Yes, All-Highest, to God, be sure.]

GEHAZI

‘WHENCE comest thou, Gehazi,
So reverend to behold,
In scarlet and in ermines
And chain of England’s gold?’
‘From following after Naaman
To tell him all is well,
Whereby my zeal hath made me
A Judge in Israel.’

Well done, well done, Gehazi,
Stretch forth thy ready hand,
Thou barely ’scaped from judgment,
Take oath to judge the land,
Unswayed by gift of money
Or privy bribe, more base,
Of knowledge which is profit
In any market-place.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Search out and probe, Gehazi,
As thou of all canst try,
The truthful, well-weighed answer
That tells the blacker lie—
The loud, uneasy virtue
The anger feigned at will,
To overbear a witness
And make the Court keep still.

Take order now, Gehazi,
That no man talk aside
In secret with his judges
The while his case is tried.
Lest he should show them—reason
To keep a matter hid,
And subtly lead the questions
Away from what he did.

Thou mirror of uprightness,
What ails thee at thy vows?
What means the risen whiteness
Of the skin between thy brows?

GEHAZI

The boils that shine and burrow,
The sores that slough and bleed—
The leprosy of Naaman
On thee and all thy seed?
Stand up, stand up, Gehazi,
Draw close thy robe and go,
Gehazi, Judge in Israel,
A leper white as snow!

THE VIRGINITY

TRY as he will, no man breaks wholly loose
From his first love, no matter who she be.
Oh, was there ever sailor free to choose,
That didn't settle somewhere near the sea?

Myself, it don't excite me nor amuse
To watch a pack o' shipping on the sea,
But I can understand my neighbour's views
From certain things which have occurred to me.

Men must keep touch with things they used to use
To earn their living, even when they are free;
And so come back upon the least excuse—
Same as the sailor settled near the sea.

He knows he's never going on no cruise—
He knows he's done and finished with the sea;
And yet he likes to feel she's there to use—
If he should ask her—as she used to be.

THE VIRGINITY

Even though she cost him all he had to lose,
Even though she made him sick to hear or see,
Still, what she left of him will mostly choose
Her skirts to sit by. How comes such to be?

*Parsons in pulpits, tax-payers in pews,
Kings on your thrones, you know as well as me,
We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lost it there our hearts will be!*

A PILGRIM'S WAY

I do not look for holy saints to guide me on my way,
Or male and female devilkins to lead my feet astray.
If these are added, I rejoice—if not, I shall not
mind,

So long as I have leave and choice to meet my
fellow-kind.

For as we come and as we go (and deadly-soon
go we!)

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

Thus I will honour pious men whose virtue shines
so bright

(Though none are more amazed than I when I by
chance do right),

And I will pity foolish men for woe their sins have
bred

(Though ninety-nine per cent. of mine I brought on
my own head).

And, Amorite or Eremite, or General Averagee,

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

A PILGRIM'S WAY

And when they bore me overmuch, I will not shake
mine ears,

Recalling many thousand such whom I have bored
to tears.

And when they labour to impress, I will not doubt
nor scoff;

Since I myself have done no less and—sometimes
pulled it off.

Yea, as we are and we are not, and we pretend
to be,

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

And when they work me random wrong, as often-
times hath been,

I will not cherish hate too long (my hands are none
too clean).

And when they do me random good I will not feign
surprise,

No more than those whom I have cheered with
wayside charities.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

But, as we give and as we take—whate'er our
takings be—

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

But when I meet with frantic folk who sinfully
declare

There is no pardon for their sin, the same I will
not spare

Till I have proved that Heaven and Hell which in
our hearts we have

Show nothing irredeemable on either side the grave.

For as we live and as we die—if utter Death
there be—

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

A PILGRIM'S WAY

Deliver me from every pride—the Middle, High,
and Low—

That bars me from a brother's side, whatever pride
he show.

And purge me from all heresies of thought and
speech and pen

That bid me judge him otherwise than I am judged.

Amen!

That I may sing of Crowd or King or road-borne
company,

That I may labour in my day, vocation and
degree,

To prove the same in deed and name, and hold
unshakenly

(Where'er I go, whate'er I know, whoe'er my neigh-
bour be)

This single faith in Life and Death and all Eternity:

'The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!'

THE OLDEST SONG

(For before Eve was Lilith.—*Old Tale.*)

THESE were never your true love's eyes.
Why do you feign that you love them?
You that broke from their constancies,
And the wide calm brows above them!

This was never your true love's speech.
Why do you thrill when you hear it?
You that have ridden out of its reach
The width of the world or near it!

This was never your true love's hair,—
You that chafed when it bound you
Screened from knowledge or shame or care,
In the night that it made around you!

*'All these things I know, I know.
And that's why my heart is breaking!'*
Then what do you gain by pretending so?
'The joy of an old wound waking.'

NATURAL THEOLOGY

PRIMITIVE

I ATE my fill of a whale that died
And stranded after a month at sea. . . .
There is a pain in my inside.
Why have the Gods afflicted me?
Ow! I am purged till I am a wraith!
Wow! I am sick till I cannot see!
What is the sense of Religion and Faith?
Look how the Gods have afflicted me!

PAGAN

How can the skin of rat or mouse hold
Anything more than a harmless flea? . . .
The burning plague has taken my household.
Why have my Gods afflicted me?
All my kith and kin are deceased,
Though they were as good as good could be.
I will out and batter the family priest,
Because my Gods have afflicted me.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

MEDIÆVAL

My privy and well drain into each other
After the custom of Christendie. . . .
Fevers and fluxes are wasting my mother.
Why has the Lord afflicted me?
The Saints are helpless for all I offer—
So are the clergy I used to fee.
Henceforward I keep my cash in my coffer,
Because the Lord has afflicted me.

MATERIAL

I run eight hundred hens to the acre.
They die by dozens mysteriously. . . .
I am more than doubtful concerning my Maker.
Why has the Lord afflicted me?
What a return for all my endeavour—
Not to mention the L. S. D. !
I am an atheist now and for ever,
Because this God has afflicted me !

PROGRESSIVE

Money spent on an Army or Fleet
Is homicidal lunacy. . . .

NATURAL THEOLOGY

My son has been killed in the Mons retreat.
Why is the Lord afflicting me?
Why are murder, pillage and arson
And rape allowed by the Deity?
I will write to the *Times*, deriding our parson
Because my God has afflicted me.

CHORUS

We had a kettle: we let it leak:
Our not repairing it made it worse.
We haven't had any tea for a week. . . .
The bottom is out of the Universe!

CONCLUSION

This was none of the good Lord's pleasure,
For the Spirit He breathed in Man is free;
But what comes after is measure for measure,
And not a God that afflicteth thee.
As was the sowing so the reaping
Is now and evermore shall be.
Thou art delivered to thy own keeping.
Only Thyself hath afflicted thee!

A SONG AT COCK-CROW

(*'Ille autem iterum negavit.'*)

THE first time that Peter denied his Lord
He shrank from the cudgel, the scourge and the
cord,
But followed far off to see what they would do,
Till the cock crew—till the cock crew—
After Gethsemane, till the cock crew!

The first time that Peter denied his Lord
'Twas only a maid in the palace who heard,
As he sat by the fire and warmed himself through.
Then the cock crew! Then the cock crew!
(*'Thou also art one of them.'*) Then the cock crew!

The first time that Peter denied his Lord
He had neither the Throne, nor the Keys nor the
Sword—
A poor silly fisherman, what could he do
When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
But weep for his wickedness when the cock crew?

.

A SONG AT COCK-CROW

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
He was Fisher of Men, as foretold by the Word,
With the Crown on his brow and the Cross on his
shoe,

When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
In Flanders and Picardy when the cock crew.

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
'Twas Mary the Mother in Heaven Who heard,
And She grieved for the maidens and wives that
they slew

When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
At Tirmonde and Aerschott when the cock crew.

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
The Babe in the Manger awakened and stirred,
And He stretched out His arms for the playmates
He knew—

When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
But the waters had covered them when the cock crew.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
'Twas Earth in her agony waited his word,
But he sat by the fire and naught would he do,
Though the cock crew—though the cock crew—
Over all Christendom, though the cock crew.

The last time that Peter denied his Lord,
The Father took from him the Keys and the Sword,
And the Mother and Babe brake his Kingdom in
two,
When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
(Because of his wickedness) when the cock crew!

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

1911

WHEN the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in
his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn
aside.
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant
tooth and nail.
For the female of the species is more deadly than
the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the careless
foot of man,
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it as
he can.
But his mate makes no such motion where she
camps beside the trail.
For the female of the species is more deadly than
the male.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons
and Choctaws,

They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of
the squaws.

'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those
stark enthusiasts pale.

For the female of the species is more deadly than
the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he
must not say,

For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to
give away;

But when hunter meets with husband, each con-
firms the other's tale—

The female of the species is more deadly than the
male.

Man, a bear in most relations—worm and savage
otherwise,—

Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the com-
promise.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a
fact

To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the
wicked low,

To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest
foe.

Mirth obscene diverts his anger! . Doubt and Pity
oft perplex

Him in dealing with an issue—to the scandal of
The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of
her frame

Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and
engined for the same;

And to serve that single issue, lest the generations
fail,

The female of the species must be deadlier than
the male.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast

May not deal in doubt or pity—must not swerve for fact or jest.

These be purely male diversions—not in these her honour dwells.

She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great

As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate!

And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim

Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties;

Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him who denies!—

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant,
white-hot, wild,
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse
and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-
bear fights,
Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons—even so
the cobra bites,
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw
And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jesuit
with the squaw!

So it comes that Man the coward, when he gathers
to confer
With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a
place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts
his erring hands
To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman
understands.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the
Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern—shall enthrall
but not enslave him.
And *She* knows, because She warns him and Her
instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly
than the Male.

EPITAPHS

'EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE'

A. 'I was a "have."' B. 'I was a "have-not."'
 (*Together*). 'What hast thou given which I gave
not?'

A SERVANT

We were together since the War began.
He was my servant—and the better man.

A SON

My son was killed while laughing at some jest. I
would I knew
What it was, and it might serve me in a time when
jests are few.

AN ONLY SON

I have slain none except my Mother. She
(Blessing her slayer) died of grief for me.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

EX-CLERK

Pity not! The Army gave
Freedom to a timid slave:
In which Freedom did he find
Strength of body, will, and mind:
By which strength he came to prove
Mirth, Companionship, and Love:
For which Love to Death he went:
In which Death he lies content.

THE WONDER

Body and Spirit I surrendered whole
To harsh Instructors—and received a soul . . .
If mortal man could change me through and
through
From all I was—what may The God not do?

HINDU SEPOY IN FRANCE

This man in his own country prayed we know not
to what Powers.
We pray Them to reward him for his bravery in
ours.

EPITAPHS

THE COWARD

I could not look on Death, which being known,
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.

SHOCK

My name, my speech, my self I had forgot.
My wife and children came—I knew them not.
I died. My Mother followed. At her call
And on her bosom I remembered all.

A GRAVE NEAR CAIRO

Gods of the Nile, should this stout fellow here
Get out—get out! He knows not shame nor fear.

PELICANS IN THE WILDERNESS

(A GRAVE NEAR HALFA)

The blown sand heaps on me, that none may learn
Where I am laid for whom my children grieve. . . .
O wings that beat at dawning, ye return
Out of the desert to your young at eve!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE FAVOUR

Death favoured me from the first, well knowing I
could not endure
To wait on him day by day. He quitted my
betters and came
Whistling over the fields, and, when he had made
all sure,
'Thy line is at end,' he said, 'but at least I have
saved its name.'

THE BEGINNER

On the first hour of my first day
In the front trench I fell.
(Children in boxes at a play
Stand up to watch it well.)

R. A. F. (AGED EIGHTEEN)

Laughing through clouds, his milk-teeth still un-
shed,
Cities and men he smote from overhead.
His deaths delivered, he returned to play
Childlike, with childish things now put away.

EPITAPHS

THE REFINED MAN

I was of delicate mind. I went aside for my needs,
Disdaining the common office. I was seen from
afar and killed. . . .

How is this matter for mirth? Let each man be
judged by his deeds.

*I have paid my price to live with myself on the terms
that I willed.*

NATIVE WATER-CARRIER (M. E. F.)

Prometheus brought down fire to men.

This brought up water.

The Gods are jealous—now, as then,

They gave no quarter.

BOMBED IN LONDON

On land and sea I strove with anxious care
To escape conscription. It was in the air!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE SLEEPY SENTINEL

Faithless the watch that I kept: now I have none
to keep.

I was slain because I slept: now I am slain I sleep.
Let no man reproach me again, whatever watch is
unkept—

I sleep because I am slain. They slew me because
I slept.

BATTERIES OUT OF AMMUNITION

If any mourn us in the workshop, say
We died because the shift kept holiday

COMMON FORM

If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.

A DEAD STATESMAN

I could not dig: I dared not rob:
Therefore I lied to please the mob.
Now all my lies are proved untrue,
And I must face the men I slew.
What tale shall save me here among
Mine angry and defrauded young?

EPITAPHS

THE REBEL

If I had clamoured at Thy Gate
For gift of Life on Earth,
And, thrusting through the souls that wait,
Flung headlong into birth—
Even then, even then, for gin and snare
About my pathway spread,
Lord, I had mocked Thy thoughtful care
Before I joined the Dead!
But now? . . . I was beneath Thy Hand
Ere yet the Planets came.
And now—though Planets pass, I stand
The witness to Thy Shame.

THE OBEDIENT

Daily, though no ears attended,
Did my prayers arise.
Daily, though no fire descended
Did I sacrifice. . . .
Though my darkness did not lift,
Though I faced no lighter odds,
Though the Gods bestowed no gift,
None the less,
None the less, I served the Gods!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

A DRIFTER OFF TARENTUM

He from the wind-bitten north with ship and companions descended,
Searching for eggs of death spawned by invisible hulls.
Many he found and drew forth. Of a sudden the fishery ended
In flame and a clamorous breath not new to the eye-pecking gulls.

DESTROYERS IN COLLISION

For Fog and Fate no charm is found
To lighten or amend.
I, hurrying to my bride, was drowned—
Cut down by my best friend.

CONVOY ESCORT

I was a shepherd to fools
Causelessly bold or afraid.
They would not abide by my rules.
Yet they escaped. For I stayed.

EPITAPHS

UNKNOWN FEMALE CORPSE

Headless, lacking foot and hand,
Horrible I come to land.
I beseech all women's sons
Know I was a mother once.

RAPED AND REVENGED

One used and butchered me: another spied
Me broken—for which thing a hundred died.
So it was learned among the heathen hosts
How much a freeborn woman's favour costs.

SALONIKAN GRAVE

I have watched a thousand days
Push out and crawl into night
Slowly as tortoises.
Now I, too, follow these.
It is fever, and not fight—
Time, not battle—that slays.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE BRIDEGROOM

Call me not false, beloved,
If, from thy scarce-known breast
So little time removed,
In other arms I rest.

For this more ancient bride
Whom coldly I embrace
Was constant at my side
Before I saw thy face.

Our marriage, often set—
By miracle delayed—
At last is consummate,
And cannot be unmade.

Live, then, whom Life shall cure,
Almost, of Memory,
And leave us to endure
Its immortality.

EPITAPHS

V. A. D. (MEDITERRANEAN)

Ah, would swift ships had never been, for then we
ne'er had found,
These harsh Ægean rocks between, this little virgin
drowned,
Whom neither spouse nor child shall mourn, but
men she nursed through pain
And—certain keels for whose return the heathen
look in vain.

'THE CITY OF BRASS'

1909

'Here was a people whom after their works thou shalt see wept over
for their lost dominion: and in this palace is the last information
respecting lords collected in the dust.'—*The Arabian Nights*.

*IN a land that the sand overlays—the ways to her gates
are untrod—*

*A multitude ended their days whose fates were made
splendid by God,*

*Till they grew drunk and were smitten with madness
and went to their fall,*

*And of these is a story written: but Allah alone know-
eth all !*

When the wine stirred in their heart their bosoms
dilated,

They rose to suppose themselves kings over all
things created—

To decree a new earth at a birth without labour or
sorrow—

To declare: 'We prepare it to-day and inherit to-
morrow.'

‘THE CITY OF BRASS’

They chose themselves prophets and priests of
minute understanding,
Men swift to see done, and outrun, their extremest
commanding—
Of the tribe which describe with a jibe the perversions
of Justice—
Panders avowed to the crowd whatsoever its lust is.

Swiftly these pulled down the walls that their
fathers had made them—
The impregnable ramparts of old, they razed and
relaid them
As playgrounds of pleasure and leisure with limitless
entries,
And havens of rest for the wastrels where once
walked the sentries;
And because there was need of more pay for the
shouters and marchers,
They disbanded in face of their foemen their bow-
men and archers.
They replied to their well-wishers’ fears—to their
enemies’ laughter,
Saying: ‘Peace! We have fashioned a God Which
shall save us hereafter.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

We ascribe all dominion to man in his factions conferring,

And have given to numbers the Name of the Wisdom unerring.'

They said: 'Who has hate in his soul? Who has envied his neighbour?

Let him arise and control both that man and his labour.'

They said: 'Who is eaten by sloth? Whose unthrift has destroyed him?

He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him.'

They said: 'Who hath toiled? Who hath striven, and gathered possession?

Let him be spoiled. He hath given full proof of transgression.'

They said: 'Who is irked by the Law? *Though we may not remove it,*

If he lend us his aid in this raid, we will set him above it!'

So the robber did judgment again upon such as displeased him,

The slayer, too, boasted his slain, and the judges released him.

‘THE CITY OF BRASS’

As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the
nation,

They harried all earth to make sure none escaped
reprobation,

They awakened unrest for a jest in their newly-
won borders,

And jeered at the blood of their brethren betrayed
by their orders.

They instructed the ruled to rebel, their rulers to
aid them;

And, since such as obeyed them not fell, their Vice-
roys obeyed them.

When the riotous set them at naught they said:
‘Praise the upheaval!’

For the show and the word and the thought of
Dominion is evil!’

They unwound and flung from them with rage, as a
rag that defiled them

The imperial gains of the age which their fore-
fathers piled them.

They ran panting in haste to lay waste and em-
bitter for ever

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The wellsprings of Wisdom and Strength which are
Faith and Endeavour.

They nosed out and digged up and dragged forth
and exposed to derision

All doctrine of purpose and worth and restraint
and prevision:

And it ceased, and God granted them all things
for which they had striven,

And the heart of a beast in the place of a man's
heart was given. . . .

.

When they were fullest of wine and most flagrant
in error,

Out of the sea rose a sign—out of Heaven a terror.

Then they saw, then they heard, then they knew—
for none troubled to hide it,

An host had prepared their destruction, but still
they denied it.

They denied what they dared not abide if it came
to the trial,

But the Sword that was forged while they lied did
not heed their denial.

It drove home, and no time was allowed to the
crowd that was driven.

'THE CITY OF BRASS'

The preposterous-minded were cowed—they thought
time would be given.

There was no need of a steed nor a lance to pursue
them;

It was decreed their own deed, and not chance,
should undo them.

The tares they had laughingly sown were ripe to
the reaping,

The trust they had leagued to disown was removed
from their keeping.

The eaters of other men's bread, the exempted
from hardship,

The excusers of impotence fled, abdicating their
wardship.

For the hate they had taught through the State
brought the State no defender,

And it passed from the roll of the Nations in head-
long surrender.

JUSTICE

OCTOBER 1918

*ACROSS a world where all men grieve
And grieving strive the more,
The great days range like tides and leave
Our dead on every shore.
Heavy the load we undergo,
And our own hands prepare,
If we have parley with the foe,
The load our sons must bear.*

Before we loose the word
That bids new worlds to birth,
Needs must we loosen first the sword
Of Justice upon earth;
Or else all else is vain
Since life on earth began,
And the spent world sinks back again
Hopeless of God and Man.

JUSTICE

A people and their King
Through ancient sin grown strong,
Because they feared no reckoning
Would set no bound to wrong;
But now their hour is past,
And we who bore it find
Evil Incarnate held at last
To answer to mankind.

For agony and spoil
Of nations beat to dust,
For poisoned air and tortured soil
And cold, commanded lust,
And every secret woe
The shuddering waters saw—
Willed and fulfilled by high and low—
Let them relearn the Law.

That when the dooms are read,
Not high nor low shall say:—
'My haughty or my humble head
Has saved me in this day.'

THE YEARS BETWEEN

That, till the end of time,
 Their remnant shall recall
Their fathers' old, confederate crime
 Availed them not at all.

That neither schools nor priests,
 Nor Kings may build again
A people with the heart of beasts
 Made wise concerning men.
Whereby our dead shall sleep
 In honour, unbetrayed,
And we in faith and honour keep
 That peace for which they paid.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

THE RIVER'S TALE

PREHISTORIC

*TWENTY bridges from Tower to Kew
Wanted to know what the River knew,
For they were young and the Thames was old,
And this is the tale that the River told:—*

'I walk my beat before London Town,
Five hours up and seven down.
Up I go and I end my run
At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington.
Down I come with the mud in my hands
And plaster it over the Maplin Sands.
But I'd have you know that these waters of mine
Were once a branch of the River Rhine,
When hundreds of miles to the East I went
And England was joined to the Continent.

I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,
And the giant tigers that stalked them down
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that lined the
Strand,
With paint on his face and a club in his hand.
He was death to feather and fin and fur,
He trapped my beavers at Westminster,
He netted my salmon, he hunted my deer,
He killed my herons off Lambeth Pier;
He fought his neighbour with axes and swords,
Flint or bronze, at my upper fords,
While down at Greenwich for slaves and tin
The tall Phoenician ships stole in,
And North Sea war-boats, painted and gay,
Flashed like dragon-flies Erith way;
And Norseman and Negro and Gaul and Greek
Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek,
And life was gay, and the world was new,
And I was a mile across at Kew!
But the Roman came with a heavy hand,
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,
And the Roman left and the Danes blew in—
And that's where your history books begin!

THE ROMAN CENTURION SPEAKS

A. D. 300

LEGATE, I had the news last night. My cohort's
ordered home

By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to
Rome.

I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are
stowed below:

Now let another take my sword. Command me
not to go!

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to
the Wall

I have none other home than this, nor any life at all.

Last night I did not understand, but, now the
hour draws near

That calls me to my native land, I feel that land
is here.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Here where men say my name was made, here
where my work was done,
Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—
my wife and son;
Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, mem-
ory, service, love,
Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how shall I
remove?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk
and fields suffice.
What purple Southern pomp can match our change-
ful Northern skies,
Black with December snows unshed or pearled
with August haze,
The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's
long-lighted days?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and
olive lean
Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Ne-
mausus clean
To Arelate's triple gate; but let me linger on,
Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront
Euroclydon!

THE ROMAN CENTURION SPEAKS

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-
descending pines

Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene
Ocean shines.

You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but will
you e'er forget

The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in
the wet?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task
you will—

A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops
to drill.

Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite
Border keep,

Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old mess-
mates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered
home!

I've served in Britain forty years. What should
I do in Rome?

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only
life I know.—

I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not
to go!

THE PIRATES IN ENGLAND

A. D. 600

WHEN Rome was rotten-ripe to her fall,
And the sceptre passed from her hand,
The pestilent Picts leaped over the wall
To harry the British land.

The little dark men of the mountain and waste,
So quick to laughter and tears,
They came panting with hate and haste
For the loot of five hundred years.

They killed the trader, they sacked the shops,
They ruined temple and town—
They swept like wolves through the standing crops
Crying that Rome was down.

They wiped out all that they could find
Of beauty and strength and worth,
But they could not wipe out the Viking's Wind,
That brings the ships from the North.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

They could not wipe out the North-East gales,
Nor what those gales set free—
The pirate ships with their close-reefed sails,
Leaping from sea to sea.

They had forgotten the shield-hung hull
Seen nearer and more plain,
Dipping into the troughs like a gull,
And gull-like rising again—

The painted eyes that glare and frown,
In the high snake-headed stem,
Searching the beach while her sail comes down,
They had forgotten them!

There was no Count of the Saxon Shore
To meet her hand to hand,
As she took the beach with a surge and a roar,
And the pirates rushed inland.

DANE-GELD

A. D. 1000

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile
nation,

To call upon a neighbour and to say:—

‘We invaded you last night—we are quite pre-
pared to fight,

Unless you pay us cash to go away.’

And that is called asking for Dane-geld,

And the people who ask it explain

That you’ve only to pay ’em the Dane-geld

And then you’ll get rid of the Dane!

It is always a temptation to a rich and lazy nation,

To puff and look important and to say:—

‘Though we know we should defeat you, we have
not the time to meet you,

We will therefore pay you cash to go away.’

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And that is called paying the Dane-geld;
But we've proved it again and again,
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld
You never get rid of the Dane.

It is wrong to put temptation in the path of any
nation,

For fear they should succumb and go astray,
So when you are requested to pay up or be molested,
You will find it better policy to say:—

‘We never pay any one Dane-geld,
No matter how trifling the cost,
For the end of that game is oppression and
shame,
And the nation that plays it is lost!’

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND

(WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR)

ENGLAND's on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
England's being hammered, hammered, ham-
mered into line!

England's on the anvil! Heavy are the blows!
(But the work will be a marvel when it's done)
Little bits of Kingdoms cannot stand against their
foes.

England's being hammered, hammered, ham-
mered into one!

There shall be one people—it shall serve one Lord—
(Neither Priest nor Baron shall escape!)
It shall have one speech and law, soul and strength
and sword.

England's being hammered, hammered, ham-
mered into shape!

NORMAN AND SAXON

A. D. 1120

‘My son,’ said the Norman Baron, ‘I am dying,
and you will be heir
To all the broad acres in England that William
gave me for my share
When we conquered the Saxon at Hastings, and a
nice little handful it is.
But before you go over to rule it I want you to
understand this:—

‘The Saxon is not like us Normans. His manners
are not so polite,
But he never means anything serious till he talks
about justice and right;
When he stands like an ox in the furrow with his
sullen set eyes on your own,
And grumbles, “This isn’t fair dealing,” my son,
leave the Saxon alone.

NORMAN AND SAXON

'You can horsewhip your Gascony archers, or torture your Picardy spears,

But don't try that game on the Saxon; you'll have the whole brood round your ears.

From the richest old Thane in the county to the poorest chained serf in the fields,

They'll be at you and on you like hornets, and, if you are wise, you will yield!

'But first you must master their language, their dialect, proverbs and songs,

Don't trust any clerk to interpret when they come with the tale of their wrongs.

Let them know that you know what they're saying; let them feel that you know what to say;

Yes, even when you want to go hunting, hear them out if it takes you all day.

'They'll drink every hour of the daylight and poach every hour of the dark,

It's the sport not the rabbits they're after (we've plenty of game in the park).

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Don't hang them or cut off their fingers. That's
wasteful as well as unkind,
For a hard-bitten, South-country poacher makes
the best man-at-arms you can find.

'Appear with your wife and the children at their
weddings and funerals and feasts;
Be polite but not friendly to Bishops; be good to
all poor parish priests;
Say "we", "us" and "ours" when you're talking
instead of "you fellows" and "I".
Don't ride over seeds; keep your temper; and
never you tell 'em a lie !

THE REEDS OF RUNNYMEDE

(MAGNA CHARTA, JUNE 15, 1215)

At Runnymede, at Runnymede,
What say the reeds at Runnymede?
The lissom reeds that give and take,
That bend so far, but never break,
They keep the sleepy Thames awake
With tales of John at Runnymede.

At Runnymede, at Runnymede,
Oh hear the reeds at Runnymede:—
'You mustn't sell, delay, deny,
A freeman's right or liberty,
It wakes the stubborn Englishry,
We saw 'em roused at Runnymede!

'When through our ranks the Barons came,
With little thought of praise or blame,
But resolute to play the game,
They lumbered up to Runnymede;

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And there they launched in solid line,
The first attack on Right Divine—
The curt, uncompromising "Sign!"
That settled John at Runnymede.

'At Runnymede, at Runnymede,
Your rights were won at Runnymede!
No freeman shall be fined or bound,
Or dispossessed of freehold ground,
Except by lawful judgement found
And passed upon him by his peers!—
Forget not, after all these years,
The charter signed at Runnymede.'

And still when mob or monarch lays
Too rude a hand on English ways,
The whisper wakes, the shudder plays,
Across the reeds at Runnymede.
And Thames, that knows the moods of kings,
And crowds and priests and suchlike things,
Rolls deep and dreadful as he brings
Their warning down from Runnymede!

MY FATHER'S CHAIR

(THE FIRST PARLIAMENT)

THERE are four good legs to my Father's Chair—
Priest and People and Lords and Crown.
I sit on all of 'em fair and square,
And that is the reason it don't break down.

I won't trust one leg, nor two, nor three,
To carry my weight when I sit me down,
I want all four of 'em under me—
Priest and People and Lords and Crown.

I sit on all four and I favour none—
Priest, nor People, nor Lords, nor Crown—
And I never tilt in my chair, my son,
And that is the reason it don't break down!

When your time comes to sit in my Chair,
Remember your Father's habits and rules,
Sit on all four legs, fair and square,
And never be tempted by one-legged stools!

THE DAWN WIND

(ON THE EVE OF THE RENAISSANCE)

AT two o'clock in the morning, if you open your
window and listen,

You will hear the feet of the Wind that is going
to call the sun.

And the trees in the shadow rustle and the trees in
the moonlight glisten,

And though it is deep, dark night, you feel that
the night is done.

So do the cows in the field. They graze for an hour
and lie down,

Dozing and chewing the cud; or a bird in the
ivy wakes,

Chirrup one note and is still, and the restless
Wind strays on,

Fidgeting far down the road, till, softly, the dark-
ness breaks.

THE DAWN WIND

Back comes the Wind full strength with a blow
like an angel's wing,

Gentle but waking the world, as he shouts:
'The Sun! The Sun!'

And the light floods over the fields and the birds
begin to sing,

And the Wind dies down in the grass. It is
Day and his work is done.

So when the world is asleep, and there seems no
hope of her waking

Out of some long, bad dream that makes her
mutter and moan,

Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters break-
ing,

And every one smiles at his neighbour and tells
him his soul is his own!

THE KING'S JOB

(THE TUDORS)

ONCE on a time was a King anxious to understand
What was the wisest thing a man could do for his
land.

Most of his population hurried to answer the ques-
tion,

Each with a long oration, each with a new sugges-
tion.

They interrupted his meals, he wasn't safe in his
bed from 'em,

They hung round his neck and heels, and at last
His Majesty fled from 'em.

He put on a leper's cloak (people leave lepers alone),
Out of the window he broke, and abdicated his
throne.

All that rapturous day, while his Court and his
Ministers mourned him,

He danced on his own highway till his own Police-
men warned him.

THE KING'S JOB

Gay and cheerful he ran (lepers don't cheer as a rule)

Till he found a philosopher-man teaching an infant school.

The windows were open wide, the King sat down on the grass,

And heard the children inside reciting 'Our King is an ass.'

The King popped in his head, 'Some people would call this treason,

But I think you are right,' he said; 'will you kindly give me your reason?'

Lepers in school are rare as kings with a leper's dress on,

But the class didn't stop or stare; it calmly went on with the lesson:

'The wisest thing, we suppose, that a man can do for his land,

Is the work that lies under his nose, with the tools that lie under his hand.'

The King whipped off his cloak, and stood in his crown before 'em.

He said:—'My dear little folk, *Ex ore parvulorum*

POEMS FROM HISTORY

(Which is Latin for "Children know more than grown-ups would credit")

You have shown me the road to go, and I propose to tread it.'

Back to his Kingdom he ran, and issued a Proclamation,

'Let every living man return to his occupation!'

Then he explained to the mob that cheered in his palace and round it,

'I've been to look for a job, and Heaven be praised
I've found it!'

WITH DRAKE IN THE TROPICS

SOUTH and far south below the Line,
Our Admiral leads us on,
Above, undreamed-of planets shine—
The stars we knew are gone.
Around, our clustered seamen mark
The silent deep ablaze
With fires, through which the far-down shark
Shoots glimmering on his ways.

The sultry tropic breezes fail
That plagued us all day through;
Like molten silver hangs our sail,
Our decks are dark with dew.
Now the rank moon commands the sky,
Ho! Bid the watch beware
And rouse all sleeping men that lie
Unsheltered in her glare.

How long the time 'twixt bell and bell!
How still our lanthorns burn!
How strange our whispered words that tell
Of England and return!

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Old towns, old streets, old friends, old loves,
We name them each to each,
While the lit face of Heaven removes
Them farther from our reach.

Now is the utmost ebb of night
When mind and body sink,
And loneliness and gathering fright
O'erwhelm us, if we think—
Yet, look, where in his room apart,
All windows opened wide,
Our Admiral thrusts away the chart
And comes to walk outside.

Kindly, from man to man he goes,
With comfort, praise, or jest,
Quick to suspect our childish woes,
Our terror and unrest.
It is as though the sun should shine—
Our midnight fears are gone!
South and far south below the Line,
Our Admiral leads us on!

‘TOGETHER’

(ELIZABETH AND HER PEOPLE)

When Horse and Rider each can trust the other
everywhere,
It takes a fence and more than a fence to pound
that happy pair;
For the one will do what the other demands, al-
though he is beaten and blown,
And when it is done, they can live through a run
that neither could face alone.

When Crew and Captain understand each other to
the core,
It takes a gale and more than a gale to put their
ship ashore;
For the one will do what the other commands, al-
though they are chilled to the bone,
And both together can live through weather that
neither could face alone.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

When King and People understand each other past
a doubt,
It takes a foe and more than a foe to knock that
country out;
For the one will do what the other one asks as soon
as the need is known,
And hand in hand they can make a stand which
neither could make alone!

This wisdom had Elizabeth and all her subjects too,
For she was theirs and they were hers, as well the
Spaniard knew;
For when his grim Armada came to conquer the
Nation and Throne,
Why, back to back they met an attack that neither
could face alone!

It is not wealth nor talk nor trade nor schools nor
even the Vote,
Will save your land when the enemy's hand is
tightening round your throat.

‘TOGETHER’

But a King and a People who thoroughly trust
each other in all that is done
Can sleep on their bed without any dread—for the
world will leave ’em alone!

(KING JAMES I)

THE child of Mary Queen of Scots,
A shifty mother’s shiftless son,
Bred up among intrigues and plots,
Learnèd in all things, wise in none!
Ungainly, babbling, wasteful, weak,
Shrewd, clever, cowardly, pedantic,
The sight of steel would blanch his cheek,
The smell of baccy drive him frantic.
He was the author of his line—
He wrote that witches should be burnt;
He wrote that monarchs were divine,
And left a son who proved they weren’t!

THE CIVIL WARS

(BEFORE EDGEHILL, OCTOBER, 1642)

NAKED and grey the Cotswolds stand
Beneath the autumn sun,
And the stubble fields on either hand
Where Stour and Avon run,
There is no change in the patient land
That has bred us every one.

She should have passed in cloud and fire
And saved us from this sin
Of war—red war—'twixt child and sire,
Household and kith and kin,
In the heart of a sleepy Midland shire,
With the harvest scarcely in.

But there is no change as we meet at last
On the brow-head or the plain,
And the raw astonished ranks stand fast
To slay or to be slain
By the men they knew in the kindly past
That shall never come again—

THE CIVIL WARS

By the men they met at dance or chase,
In the tavern or the hall,
At the justice-bench and the market-place,
At the cudgel-play or brawl,
Of their own blood and speech and race,
Comrades or neighbours all!

More bitter than death this day must prove
Whichever way it go,
For the brothers of the maids we love
Make ready to lay low
Their sisters' sweethearts, as we move
Against our dearest foe.

Thank Heaven! At last the trumpets peal
Before our strength gives way.
For King or for the Commonweal
No matter which they say,
The first dry rattle of new-drawn steel
Changes the world to-day!

THE DUTCH IN THE MEDWAY

(CHARLES II)

IF war were won by feasting,
Or victory by song,
Or safety found in sleeping sound,
How England would be strong!
But honour and dominion
Are not maintainèd so,
They're only got by sword and shot,
And this the Dutchmen know!

The moneys that should feed us,
You spend on your delight,
How can you then have sailor-men
To aid you in your fight?
Our fish and cheese are rotten,
Which makes the scurvy grow—
We cannot serve you if we starve,
And this the Dutchmen know!

THE DUTCH IN THE MEDWAY

Our ships in every harbour
Be neither whole nor sound,
And, when we seek to mend a leak,
No oakum can be found,
Or, if it is, the caulkers,
And carpenters also,
For lack of pay have gone away,
And this the Dutchmen know!

Mere powder, guns, and bullets,
We scarce can get at all,
Their price was spent in merriment
And revel at Whitehall,
While we in tattered doublets
From ship to ship must row,
Beseeching friends for odds and ends—
And this the Dutchmen know!

No King will heed our warnings,
No Court will pay our claims—
Our King and Court for their disport
Do sell the very Thames!

POEMS FROM HISTORY

For, now De Ruyter's topsails,
Off naked Chatham show,
We dare not meet him with our fleet—
And this the Dutchmen know!

‘BROWN BESS’

ENGLISH ARMY, 1700–1815

IN the days of lace-ruffles, perukes and brocade
Brown Bess was a partner whom none could
despise—

An out-spoken, flinty-lipped, brazen-faced jade,
With a habit of looking men straight in the eyes—
At Blenheim and Ramillies fops would confess
They were pierced to the heart by the charms of
Brown Bess.

Though her sight was not long and her weight was
not small,

Yet her actions were winning, her language was
clear;

And everyone bowed as she opened the ball

On the arm of some high-gaitered, grim grenadier.
Half Europe admitted the striking success
Of the dances and routs that were given by Brown
Bess.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

When ruffles were turned into stiff leather stocks
And people wore pigtails instead of perukes
Brown Bess never altered her iron-grey locks,
She knew she was valued for more than her looks.
'Oh, powder and patches was always my dress,
And I think I am killing enough,' said Brown Bess.

So she followed her red-coats, whatever they did,
From the heights of Quebec to the plains of
Assaye,
From Gibraltar to Acre, Cape Town and Madrid,
And nothing about her was changed on the way;
(But most of the Empire which now we possess
Was won through those years by old-fashioned
Brown Bess.)

In stubborn retreat or in stately advance,
From the Portugal coast to the cork-woods of
Spain
She had puzzled some excellent Marshals of France
Till none of them wanted to meet her again:
But later, near Brussels, Napoleon, no less,
Arranged for a Waterloo ball with Brown Bess.

‘BROWN BESS’

She had danced till the dawn of that terrible day—

She danced on till dusk of more terrible night,
And before her linked squares his battalions gave
way

And her long fierce quadrilles put his lancers to
flight.

And when his gilt carriage drove off in the press,
‘I have danced my last dance for the world!’ said
Brown Bess.

If you go to Museums—there’s one in Whitehall—
Where old weapons are shown with their names
writ beneath,

You will find her, upstanding, her back to the wall,
As stiff as a ramrod, the flint in her teeth.

And if ever we English have reason to bless
Any arm save our mothers’, that arm is Brown Bess!

THE AMERICAN WAR

(BEFORE)

'Twas not while England's sword unsheathed
Put half a world to flight,
Nor while their new-built cities breathed
Secure behind her might;
Not while she poured from Pole to Line
Treasure and ships and men—
These worshippers at Freedom's shrine
They did not quit her then!

Not till their foes were driven forth
By England o'er the main—
Not till the Frenchman from the North
Had gone, with shattered Spain;
Not till the clean-swept ocean showed
No hostile flag unrolled,
Did they remember what they owed
To Freedom—and were bold!

THE AMERICAN WAR

(AFTER)

THE snow lies thick on Valley Forge,
The ice on the Delaware,
But the poor dead soldiers of King George
They neither know nor care—

Not though the earliest primrose break
On the sunny side of the lane,
And scuffling rookeries awake
Their England's spring again.

They will not stir when the drifts are gone
Or the ice melts out of the bay,
And the men that served with Washington
Lie all as still as they.

They will not stir though the mayflower blows
In the moist dark woods of pine,
And every rock-strewn pasture shows
Mullein and columbine.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Each for his land, in a fair fight,
 Encountered, strove, and died,
And the kindly earth that knows no spite
 Covers them side by side.

She is too busy to think of war;
 She has all the world to make gay,
And, behold, the yearly flowers are
 Where they were in our fathers' day!

Golden-rod by the pasture wall
 When the columbine is dead,
And sumach leaves that turn, in fall,
 Red as the blood they shed.

THE FRENCH WARS

(NAPOLEONIC)

THE boats of Newhaven and Folkestone and Dover
To Dieppe and Boulogne and to Calais cross over;
And in each of those runs there is not a square yard
Where the English and French haven't fought and
fought hard!

If the ships that were sunk could be floated once
more,
They'd stretch like a raft from the shore to the
shore,
And we'd see, as we crossed, every pattern and plan
Of ship that was built since sea-fighting began.

There'd be biremes and brigantines, cutters and
sloops,
Cogs, carracks and galleons with gay gilded poops—
Hoys, caravels, ketches, corvettes and the rest,
As thick as regattas, from Ramsgate to Brest.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

But the galleys of Caesar, the squadrons of Sluys,
And Nelson's crack frigates are hid from our eyes,
Where the high Seventy-fours of Napoleon's days
Lie down with Deal luggers and French *chasse-*
marées.

They'll answer no signal—they rest on the ooze
With their honey-combed guns and their skeleton
crews—

And racing above them, through sunshine or gale,
The Cross-Channel packets come in with the Mail.

Then the poor sea-sick passengers, English and
French,
Must open their trunks on the Custom-house
bench,
While the officers rummage for smuggled cigars
And nobody thinks of our blood-thirsty wars!

THE BELLS AND QUEEN VICTORIA

1911

'Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the Bells of London Town.'
When London Town's asleep in bed
You'll hear the Bells ring overhead,

In excelsis gloria!

 Ringing for Victoria,
Ringing for their mighty mistress—ten years dead!

Here is more gain than Gloriana guessed,
 Than Gloriana guessed or Indies bring—
Than golden Indies bring. A Queen confessed,
 A Queen confessed that crowned her people King.
Her people King, and crowned all Kings above,
 Above all Kings have crowned their Queen their
 love—
Have crowned their love their Queen, their Queen
 their love!

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Denying her, we do ourselves deny,
Disowning her are we ourselves disowned.
Mirror was she of our fidelity,
And handmaid of our destiny enthroned;
The very marrow of Youth's dream, and still
Yoke-mate of wisest Age that worked her will!

Our fathers had declared to us her praise.
Her praise the years had proven past all speech,
And past all speech our loyal hearts always,
Always our hearts lay open, each to each;
Therefore men gave their treasure and their blood
To this one woman—for she understood!

*Four o' the clock! Now all the world is still.
Oh, London Bells, to all the world declare
The Secret of the Empire—read who will!
The Glory of the People—touch who dare!*

THE BELLS:

Power that has reached itself all kingly powers,
St. Margaret's : By love o'erpowered—
St. Martin's : By love o'erpowered—
St. Clement Danes : By love o'erpowered,
The greater power confers!

THE BELLS AND QUEEN VICTORIA

THE BELLS:

For we were hers, as she, as she was ours,

Bow Bells : And she was ours—

St. Paul's : And she was ours—

Westminster : And she was ours,

As we, even we, were hers!

THE BELLS:

As we were hers!

BIG STEAMERS

(MODERN WAR)

'Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt
seas?'

'We are going to fetch you your bread and your
butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and
cheese.'

'And where will you fetch it from, all you Big
Steamers,

And where shall I write you when you are away?'

'We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Van-
couver,

Address us at Hobart, Hong-kong, and Bombay.'

'But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the
salt sea?'

'Why, you'd have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you'd have no muffins or toast for your tea.'

BIG STEAMERS

'Then I'll pray for fine weather for all you big
Steamers,

For little blue billows and breezes so soft.'

'Oh, billows and breezes don't bother Big Steamers,
For we're iron below and steel-rigging aloft.'

'Then I'll build a new lighthouse for all you Big
Steamers,

With plenty wise pilots to pilot you through.'

'Oh, the Channel's as bright as a ball-room already,
And pilots are thicker than pilchards at Looe.'

'Then what can I do for you, all you Big Steamers,
Oh, what can I do for your comfort and good?'

'Send out your big warships to watch your big
waters,

That no one may stop us from bringing you food.

*'For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you
carve,*

*They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers,
And if any one hinders our coming you'll starve !'*

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

WE were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
We were melted in the furnace and the pit—
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.
Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play,
And now if you will set us to our task,
We will serve you four and twenty hours a day!

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write!

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

Would you call a friend from half across the world?

If you'll let us have his name and town and state,
You shall see and hear your crackling question
hurled

Across the arch of heaven while you wait.
Has he answered? Does he need you at his side?
You can start this very evening if you choose,
And take the Western Ocean in the stride
Of seventy thousand horses and some screws!

The boat-express is waiting your command!
You will find the *Mauretania* at the quay,
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

Do you wish to make the mountains bare their
head

And lay their new-cut forests at your feet?
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,
And plant a barren wilderness with wheat?
Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,
To work the mills and tramways in your town,
And irrigate your orchards as it flows?

POEMS FROM HISTORY

It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and
quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,
And the valley we have dammed becomes a
lake!

But remember, please, the Law by which we live,
We are not built to comprehend a lie,
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive,
If you make a slip in handling us you die!
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!—
Our touch can alter all created things,
We are everything on earth—except The Gods!

*Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from
your eyes,
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
Because, for all our power and weight and size,
We are nothing more than children of your brain!*

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

OUR England is a garden that is full of stately
views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and
avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting
by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than
meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the
thin red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are
the heart of all,
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits
and the tanks,
The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows
and the planks.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and
 'prentice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without
 noise;
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout
 to scare the birds,
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a
 rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything
 that grows;
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the
 sand and loam,
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not
 made
By singing:—'Oh, how beautiful,' and sitting in the
 shade,

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

While better men than we go out and start their
working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken
dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a
head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a
heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be
done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work
till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on
borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands
begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the
Garden.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him
sees

That half a proper gardener's work is done upon
his knees,

So when your work is finished, you can wash your
hands and pray

For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass
away!

And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

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